

PLAY BALL!

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

APRIL 5, 1993 \$2.50

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THE DEVIL THEY KNOW

- Why The West Backs Yeltsin
- A Conversation With Mikhail Gorbachev



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CANADA'S WIDEST NEWSPAPERSERVICE APRIL 3, 1992 VOL 154 NO. 14

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COVER

THE DEVIL THEY KNOW

Bloated in style and flawed as a document, President Boris Yeltsin still manages to stare down his foes at home and certain cautious support from a nervously watching world. Yet even if he survives the latest political crisis in Russia, a country where the press is now free but the news is always bad, he will have to deal with a seemingly unstoppable slide towards chaos. —24



WORLD

AMERICA'S TOP COP

As state attorney in Miami's racially volatile and drug-addicted Dade County, Janet Reno emphasized prevention over punishment—and the crime rate soared. Now, as President Bill Clinton's attorney general, she will test her theories on a nation desperate for ways to curb its rampant urban violence. —38



SPORTS

TIME TO PLAY BALL

An major-league baseball gets going again after a shabby two seasons of training, fear of the Soviets like days have to hope that the defending champions left their baseball in Florida. Montreal fans that the young, talented Expos carry a fine spring performance into the regular season. —48



The Doyle Decade

Normally, this space is devoted to the public life of the nation and the world. This week, readers will have to indulge us as we do a family matter. Last Friday, at 10:30 a.m. in the Maclean's conference room, Publisher Brian Segal announced the resignation of Editor Kevin Doyle. In a statement, Doyle told the staff: "Many of the objectives we all set out to achieve have been realized. You are a wonderful group of people, and journalists of rare talent. I'm sure the best is yet to come."

It was a tough, and day after 11 years at the helm, Doyle was the doyen of the editors among all the major news organizations in the country. But more than that, he provided strong leadership in a turbulent era and operated, always, with a fierce loyalty to all of us and what we did. As Segal noted, Doyle "adhered to the highest of journalistic standards." In addition to upgrading the professionalism of the staff, he launched a series of special issues and reports, doubled the space available for late news, expanded coverage in Canada and the world by adding reporters, presided over a major redesign, overseen the compilation of profiles and introduced four-color photography throughout the magazine. His most remarkable accomplishment, however, was not seen on the outside: a editor's refusal to consider that



measured and circulations stands at 600,000. But we recognize that it is not a time for complacency or for standing pat. The challenge is to see in new heights on the winds of change. Doyle had some fitting words as we set out so that journey. His last task, his last work, he concluded, "May the wind be always at your back." We'll miss him.

Robert Lewis

any assignment or challenge was impossible. His demanding editing style—updated with colorful intonations like "WAAZZZZZZZAT?" and "GET A GRIP!"—was inspired by his conviction that Maclean's should be a local, fair and impartial interpreter of the events that mattered most to Canadians. And he never asked more of any of us than he asked of himself.

The departure of such a commanding figure means that the winds of change are blowing at Maclean's, as they are throughout the publishing industry. With the highest proportion of subscribers of any newsmagazine in North America—and 25 million readers—Maclean's has emerged from the recession better than many publications. In fact, measured sales have



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LETTERS

Crowned heads

The much-hailed Dr. Deborah Maelzer has come up for a fall ("Why is this woman smiling?", Cover, March 22). Maelzer's states that "she has not yet explained her policies." Nevertheless, she is touted as the savior of the Conservative party and the most likely candidate to win the next election. The hype reminds me of rise and fall reviews for a particular movie. People say it's a masterpiece before one gets a chance to see it. Finally seen, the movie is invariably a letdown. There is no way it can meet your expectations, just as I suspect Kim Campbell's silence on policy, once broken, will result in disappointment and her downfall.

*Ruthie Kyns Gernane,
Gatineau, Que.*



Campbell makes history

Voting for dignity

I have been following the Sue Rodriguez story for quite some time ("I am going weaker," Toronto, March 22) and although I am a Catholic, I also believe in human dignity. It is important to stand by a human dignity and although I would greatly appreciate for the life to be longer, I do not believe that one has the right to play God, but we are given the ability to make a choice? I will never give a vote in this particular situation, I would vote Yes. She deserves the dignity that we often take for granted.

*Joseph Graham,
St. Catharines, Ont.*

Exporting stats

Diane Francis incorrectly reports Canada's net to the United States last year (4/26). ("The numbers did what he knew was right," Column, March 31). Canadian exports to the United States were \$622.7 billion for 1992 and \$305.6 billion for 1993, making an increase of only 15.7 per cent and not the 35 per cent reported.

Elliott Dwyer,

*Director, International Trade Division,
Statistics Canada,
Ottawa*

Skating glory

Thank you for the wonderful article in your March 12 issue on the World Figure Skating Championships ("On top of the world," Sports). I particularly enjoyed the description of Kurt Browning's GoldMedalist program: "All his best, but can't be a first Avenue in a field of Field MacMurrays." However, I was disappointed that you did not include a photo of Michael Anderson and Eric Radford in their gold medal winning tandem. I think that such a photo belied on the cover. They bring up the achievement of all previous years makes their achievement impressive in a general, as well as a sports, context. "Canada Week" in Prague was one of the most exhilarating displays of civic pride, teamwork and determination that I have seen. There is a story worth sharing with the Canadian public, which has a promising impression that anything Canadian must be second best. Not this time!

*Gilda Spivak,
Brickwood Hills, Ont.*

No one's business

Your profile ("Matters in love," March 22) of Liberal Leader Gordon Wilson and Liberal MP Judy Tybulewicz was long-winded. No doubt, debating politics does put your life under increased scrutiny from the public eye, but what was done here in Britain (Colombia was and continues to be poor journalism. What goes on between Tybulewicz and Wilson is private, none of anyone's business. He has nothing to do with the job they have been elected to do. Tybulewicz said in the article, "We're wendos, we are just two nerds in love." Good for them. Love isn't easy to find. No one should take it away from them. Especially not the media.

*Paul Chidley,
Gatineau, N.B.*

I read with great interest your excellent cover story on Kim Campbell and the Conservative party. As one point, it is mentioned that the Conservative party wants more support for traditional family values. If someone to be seen like this will be achieved, their star candidate, Kim Campbell, is pro-choice on abortion and has been divorced twice.

*Armenian Bros.,
Shelburne, N.B.*

I read with great interest your excellent cover story on Kim Campbell and the Conservative party. As one point, it is mentioned that the Conservative party wants more support for traditional family values. If someone to be seen like this will be achieved, their star candidate, Kim Campbell, is pro-choice on abortion and has been divorced twice.

*Karen Knecht,
Courtenay, B.C.*

I beg to differ that the root of Italy's political crisis should lies in its electoral model of proportional representation ("Divided and alone," March 22). Proportional representation is the system adopted by several countries, including the Netherlands and Israel, and is the true representation of the will of the electorate. Our electoral system, on the other hand, sacrifices democracy for government stability. Italy has, and always had, political problems; proportional representation is not one of them.

*Mike Brady,
Regina*

Letters may be condensed. Please supply names, address and daytime telephone. Write Letters to the Editor, Maclean's, 120 University Street, Suite 1000, Vancouver, B.C. V6E 1Z8. Fax: (604) 681-1720.

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OPENING NOTES

A draft for Joe, Woody-Mia strife and blasting back at the cult in Waco

AN EGGFUL OF SILLY

It is a product of war technology that conquered the world. Designed by General Electric Co. in the United States in 1943, it tickled its testes as a seal for an tester in fighter planes—practical and durable, but no stick. Some GE executives, however, loved the seal and made it a cocktail party drink. One party guest, Peter Hulme, an out-of-work Marconi television executive, grasped it under his armrest, passed it to a plastic cup and launched it on the novelty market in 1950—as Silly Putty.

The rest is history, and what makes now hope will be an even brighter future. Toycoy & Smith, which also makes Crayola crayons, still sells the original pink product, but now it is also available in a rainbow of colors, including some that glow in the dark. Other points in Silly Putty's addictive appeal:

- More than 200 million eggs have been sold;



- It is piled up to fight stress, and as "cheesing putty" by amateurs trying to eat.
- It is used to remove lint from clothing, soil from sneakers, wrinkles from leatherette legs.
- Most of all, it is stretched, squashed and pulled apart, pounded, banzoned and rolled together—just for fun.

SEE JOE RUN?

To many observers, Defence Minister Kim Campbell's search to succeed Prime Minister Brian Mulroney as Conservative leader seems unspeakable. But in the Alberta riding of Yellowhead, some Tories are hoping that a local boy will enter the tiny Skies and Marshes, riding officials have helped a barrage of calls to "Draft Joe"—for Clark, that is. The MP for Yellowhead said in February that he will not run in the next election, but that failed to satisfy some of his supporters. "We had many calls winging back to campaign after the Prime Minister announced he was not staying," said riding president Natalie Gibson. "And people from across the country have called his Ottawa office." But press secretary Peter Cowan said that he was not aware that any movement in draft Clark had surfaced in Ottawa. "I know it is out there in Yellowhead," Cowan said. "But we are not getting many calls here."



POP MOVIES

Top movies in Canada, ranked according to box-office receipts during the seven days ending on March 25. (In brackets: the number of screens/weeks showing.)

1 <i>Forrest Gump</i>	\$1,025,908
2 <i>First of the Barons</i>	\$664,208
3 <i>The Crying Game</i> (C&W) ...	\$457,400
4 <i>Run for Your Life</i> (C&W) ...	\$321,400
5 <i>Crossing Day</i> (C&W) ...	\$315,800
6 <i>Puffin Days</i> (C&W) ...	\$309,400
7 <i>Aladdin</i> (C&W) ...	\$300,500
8 <i>A Jar of Peace</i> (C&W) ...	\$212,300
9 <i>Homeless Bound</i> (C&W) ...	\$206,100
10 <i>Saving Robbie</i> (C&W) ...	\$172,100

Source: REEDER'S EXHIBITORS' REPORT

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BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *The Client*, John Grisham (1)
- 2 *The Bridges of Madison County*, Robert Wadlow (1)
- 3 *Ghosts & Seductions*, Mark Rendell (2)
- 4 *The English Patient*, Michael Ondrejka (2)
- 5 *The Great Animal Hospital*, Terri Blackstock (1)
- 6 *The Tolomance of Shannara*, Terry Brooks (2)
- 7 *Schindler's Notebook*, Mati Bechtel (1)
- 8 *Death of a Salesman*, Arthur Miller (2)
- 9 *Handfuls*, Jennifer Chiaverini (2)
- 10 *Kristen's Dilemma*, Alan Lightman

NONFICTION

- 1 *Healing and the Mind*, Bill Moyers (2)
- 2 *Notorious Newt*, Steven Williams (2)
- 3 *Syrianische Szenen*, Axel Honneth (2)
- 4 *Workers Who Run the World*, Charles P. Kindleberger (2)
- 5 *The Great Reckoning*, Jason Lisle Sanderson and Lord William Rose (2)
- 6 *Foreign Shift*, Lisa Jinkins and Art Cato (2)
- 7 *Walking Tall*, Anatole Stasi (2)
- 8 *Martinez de Ibarra*, Martinez de Ibarra (2)
- 9 *Twelve Dates*, Peter Mayle (2)
- 10 *Preparing for the Twenty-first Century*, Fred Kennedy (2)

1. Posters Galore
Compiled by Helen Bothwell

WORD FOR WORD

The Woody Papers

Excerpts from testimony last week in the New York City court battle between *Whoopi* Goldberg and *Mia Farrow* over custody of their three children, Satchel, 5, Dylan, 7, and Moses, 15.

"I hit her on the side of the face and on her shoulders. She kicked me and I was crying. I'm not proud of it."

—Farrow, describing her reaction when she found out about

Alien's affair with her daughter Satchel. *Mia Farrow*, now 22

"I told, 'Lay back and give me your most erotic poses. Let yourself go.'"

—Alien, describing how he took nude photos of *Farrow*. *Press*

"If she wanted his apartment, they would end up playing in his bed. It would become hers and she would grab it him."

—Farrow, describing Alien's inappropriate sexual behavior toward daughter Dylan.

"I hope you get so hospitalized that you cannot suicide."

—Letter to Alien purportedly written by Alien and later read in court by Justice Lester Etter.

"I was stunned where I landed at 11. I was terrified of it. I thought it was indicative of something."

—Alien, describing his reaction when *Farrow* read him a valentine card that had turkey droppings and a laugh enclosed in it.

Roll over, Helmuth

He is known around the world as a model of culture and refinement. But when what were supposed to be biographical notes on German conductor Helmuth Rilling arrived at the Toronto Symphony recently, the discrepancy included such unlikely titles as *Scat & Go* and *Give W.F.—ing to the Street*. The symphony requested the information in order to publicize Rilling's grand appearance with the orchestra, scheduled for early May. But has New York City spry, international Creative Management, apparently confused the conductor's first name with the American



hand-track band Helmet. Symphony publicist Linda Trax said that staff members have had many insights over the fluorescing between Rilling, director of the International Study Academy in Stuttgart, and Helmuth, whose vocal, *Poste Bonheur*, is known in the band's high-pitched notes as *Scat*. "Robert has an enormous gait—not fighting over your legs, steps and strolled."

"The musical band symphony employees to dig up a photograph of Rilling," the former singer, and Trax, "so that he's wearing a black leather jacket and looks kind of mad." But does he know the tune to *Scat & Go*?

SOUR NOTES

Huang failed to dodge cult leader David Koresh from his sights. Last week he was arrested in Texas, just weeks removed from the clock since his arraignment. At dawn each morning, they blasted a recording of revile, the traditional military bugle call at sunrise, through a sound system at top volume. They did so with an electric mix of racial selection—a violent Thomas chug, by such madded-of-fit crowd artists as Andy Williams and March Miller,

and other hard-rock groups. Peter DiVita, an All-American quarterback, N.Y.M., physiologist, and an expert in hostage negotiations, noted that

arriving music "is less lethal in the short run than bullets." But, he added, "We don't know the long-term effects of Barry Manilow records."

PASSAGES



DOB: Actress Kate Held, 63, after a battle with cancer, in Stratford, Ont. She became best known with the amateur-staged *Straw Hat Theatre* in Stratford in 1952 and went to Broadway in 1962, where she starred in the *Academy Award* in *Witness for the Prosecution*. Her many credits include an Academy Award in 1963 adaptation of *Death of a Salesman*, the 1964 movie *Admiral Grey* and the 1981 Stratford production of *Michael Frayn's* *Love Letters*.

DIED: The oldest Canadian and one of the oldest women in the world, Lillian Ross, 113, is a nursing home in Cornwall, Ont. When she was 12, she witnessed her younger sister presenting a bouquet to the country's first prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald.

DIED: Robert Crispin, 68, author of such best-sellers as *The Green Inspector* (1959) and *The Secret of Santa Pituca* (1966), of heart failure, in a nursing home in New Rochelle, N.Y. The Great Inspector (1959) was the true story of Ferdinand Bennis, who successfully posed, using many officers or roles, as a Trappist monk, an assistant prison warden and a royal Canadian Navy surgeon. Crispin died shortly after the destroyer *Capo* in 1951. The 1951 movie version starred Tony Curtis.

WITHDRAWN: The right of world chess champion Garry Kasparov and British challenger Nigel Short to play for the title, by the International Chess Federation. The two bid sought to stage their contest outside the regulatory body's auspices to increase prize money and players' influence in professional chess.

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COLUMN



A treaty signed with indecent haste

BY DIANE FRANCIS

Just about a year ago, I landed in Kiev airport to begin a four-week journey through Ukraine and Russia. To my surprise, in Kiev's airport, most planes to the former were from Moscow nations, including Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya and Armenia. Equally, in my surprise, after checking into my hotel, I discovered that entry onto the sixth floor was restricted because the office floor had been rented for one year by the Iranian government. That week, Ukraine signed an initial deal with Iran to make Ukraine less dependent upon Russia, which still supplies most of Ukraine's oil and natural gas. But one sees between potentially troublesome nations like Iran and a struggling nuclear power like Ukraine should be a worry to the world.

And now that Russia and the United States have both agreed to the signing of a sweeping disarmament treaty dubbed START, the issue of Ukraine's nuclear weapons preoccupation can't be dealt with. That is because the Ukrainian parliament may well at enacting the accompanying treaty's framework, START-II. If unopposed by Ukraine and the other independent republics (Belarus and Kazakhstan) that have nuclear weapons, this means the submarine START-I treaty won't be worth the paper it's written on.

The treaty between George Bush and Mikhail Gorbachev appears to have been understandably hasty. Not only were the three other members of the nuclear club (joined in the formal talks) but Ukraine and others complain about security considerations and the expense of dismantling. Both concerns must be addressed immediately.

Ukraine, for instance, is worried and has historical reasons to be. The first thing that often should wait is for Russia to have the upper hand once again over a defanged Ukraine. Belarus and Kazakhstan believe that makes it theoretically possible for a return to the old Russian empire, or the Soviet Union. As some say, in Jassy, Ukraine obtained a guarantee from its old oppressor,

Russia, that it would not use nuclear weapons against them. But those countries still need to have complete guaranteed protection under START, so have Poland and others. France, too.

They then is the issue of costs. Dismantling these intercontinental ballistic missiles will cost billions. That includes with the United States providing American aid to help defray the costs, but recompensing Ukrainian efforts with a substantial START-II treaty won't be worth the paper it's written on.

That is critical in Ukraine because, for instance, last year Russia collected Ukraine's actual nuclear weapons (available battlefield weapons), then buried around and sold to the United States fissile material extracted from these weapons without sharing the proceeds. That is why some Ukrainians argue that their weapons should be swapped only in return for direct compensation.

Dismantling estimates are high due to the debris and difficult nature of the weapons and subsequent restoration expenses. There is environmental damage around the sites.

Ukraine also has reason to be trifled because the United States does not seem to recognize Ukraine and the others as fully in-

dependent, freestanding Eastern European democracies that just happen to border Russia. The so-called Conference of Independent States is almost toothless and yet Washington persists in sitting down with Yeltsin who represents only Russia. This also applies to debt and debts in Moscow scoop up the headlines and now the show has to end this way.

Such miscalculation of the significance of Ukraine's unilateral declaration of independence in August, 1991, which, by many accounts, was the end in the Soviet Union's official shift away to Ukrainian was George Bush's notorious "Clarke Kerr" speech in Ukraine's parliament, right after its declaration of independence, which ended the country's consideration leaving the Soviet fold. Imagine an American president actually waiting to pick up the former Soviet Union - Canada. How proud to say, become the first Western nation to recognize Ukraine's independence.

Fortunately, Canada is Ukraine's natural ally (just over one million Ukrainian-Canadians here) and went to bat for it during closed-door debt discussions with the G-7. Germany, aware the host's share of the former Soviet debt of about \$85 billion, insisted that local loans be advanced until Ukraine signed loan agreements that would force it to be on the hook for any unpaid loans if Russia and others were unable to pay them. Eventually, a new loan-for-payment agreement was negotiated last year, but it still isn't because Russia would not also disclose or deal with the division of assets including foreign reserves, real estate and other valuables. A tentative deal dividing debts and assets was announced in January, but cynics suspect that may still split apart.

All of which leads me and others to worry that the nuclear weapons of Ukraine and others may end up in the series of questionable hands. Fortunately, when it comes to nuclear weapons there, measures have been taken to employ Ukraine's nuclear scientists, and some of those such as U.S.-funded training in Kiev, are helping train up the nuclear scientists needed in that country. Clearly, the Americans thought it off the payroll of such unorthodox scientists as Israel or Libya or Iraq. Ukraine has pledged to prove that, but nothing can stop someone from being enticed away by some despot who wants his own nuclear bombs.

Hopefully, the START-II treaty controversy will focus more attention on the fact that Ukraine and the others still hold in a potentially dangerous arsenal. Ukraine is negotiate direct compensation for dismantlement, Ukraine and the others must rely on the generosity of their former enemy, which he or she has been promised. Ukraine is entitled to extract its own energy needs, and so far as it wants to build a pipeline from the Middle East has been frustrated. If peace is lost, Ukraine and the others must be truly independent. But another way, if their current predicament is not overcome, their problems may end up becoming a bigger worry for us all.

TRROUBLES FOR THE NATIVE SON

BY any measure, the downtown Montreal riding of St-Henri-Westmount is a bastion of the federal Liberal party. Voters in the ethnically mixed constituency have sent Liberal MPs to Ottawa since 1953, and although most of partisan support is falling over 30 general elections and three by-elections, St-Henri-Westmount has always been Liberal."It's probably the only place that has always been Liberal," says Daniel Laborier, lawyer "Dano" (Dano) Deslandes, president for the last four years of the St-Henri-Westmount Progressive Conservative Association. In recent weeks, however, Dano and his fellow Tories have had a new reason for cheer. "Our leader is 100 per cent on the agrees," he says, barely able to contain his optimism. "For the first time in the living memory of anyone I know, we now have a better-than-ever chance of bringing to an end the long Liberal dominance of this riding."

With a federal election still months away, Dano's dream of a Tory victory in St-Henri-Westmount may yet prove sustainable. But even many diehard Liberals acknowledge that their party's grip on the long-term loyalty of area voters is beginning to slip to the point where Montreal MP David Berger, first elected in 1979 in neighboring Laurier riding, concedes that he is facing an uphill battle for re-election. "Undoubtedly I have a few friends to recruit," says Berger, a 43-year-old former football team executive who in 2004 and 2006 was among the handful of Quebec Liberals to survive Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's Tory juggernaut. Berger's problems stem partly from a sudden resurgence of Conservative prospects, apparently ignited by the possibility that Defense Minister Kim Campbell will assume the Tory leadership. But they also mirror the difficulties that fellow Liberals are encountering right across Quebec, including those facing party leader Jean Chretien in St-Maurice, the riding where he plans to run in the next election (the now-represented New Brunswick Benoisville riding). And that, in turn, does not sing well for the Liberal clusters of forming the next government. "In the constituency-level Liberal organization plan it remained, 'If Chretien cannot win in his own riding, how can he be expected to take the rest of the country?'

In public, at least, Chretien and his followers remain bullish about Liberal prospects in his native province. "We are in no shortage of disgruntled voters within the party's own ranks." We are on the brink of becoming a national joke," maintains one veteran optometrist who adds that while the party won 32 of the province's 75 Constituency Seats

FACED WITH 'DEVASTATING' OPINION POLLS IN QUEBEC, SOME FEDERAL LIBERALS SAY THAT JEAN CHRETIEN MAY NOT EVEN WIN HIS SEAT



Chretien and wife Laurette at Shawinigan: bullish

in 1988, privately it's clear where fractures are a minority. "I see a distinct possibility that we will be reduced after the next election to no more than 10 Quebec MPs—eight Conservatives and two francophones." For his part, Jean Laprade, the former Liberal cabinet minister who headed to the Bloc Quebecois before quitting politics to become a Montreal-based political commentator, says that he cannot see the Liberals winning more than 15 or 20 seats in Quebec. That prospect, he adds, "is already deteriorating as the troops and spreading along the leadership."

Even the Liberals' chief organizer in Quebec, Senator Pietro Rossini, is no longer predicting a major sweep in the province. Earlier this month, Rossini publicly predicted that the Liberals would capture 30 Quebec seats, roughly equal to the number he expected the Bloc Quebecois to capture. It was a surprising admission from the normally tight-lipped senator, and far less than the figures he had previously floated when public opinion polls showed Liberal support in Quebec holding steady for the past two years at 40 per cent of the popular vote.

More recent surveys paint a far less attractive picture for the Liberals. An Angus Reid survey conducted between March 15 and March 18 suggested that Conservative support in Quebec would jump to 47 per cent with Campbell as leader from 37 per cent now. Against Campbell, the Bloc Quebecois had 32 per cent and the Liberals had a meager 14 per cent. "The new pols have been doing nothing," said one Montreal-area riding president, lamenting the sudden evaporation of Liberal support. "They have been showing

that people were ready to wait for us to get rid of Mulroney too quick to drop us for a new face—even if they know right to nothing about what's behind the face."

But for many Liberals, Chretien's continue-

ing unpopularity in Quebec is as much of a problem for the party as Campbell's current popularity. In his native province, many voters hold Chretien partly responsible for the death of the Meech Lake accord, and view him as an undesirable reminder of Quebec's past. "What scares us is the viciousness that Quebecers, especially francophone Quebecers, are prepared to use in sprouting out against Chretien," says a party worker who has been travelling door-to-door in a suburban Montreal riding in pursuit of new party members. The party's brass is closely aware of the problem, but as for his second term, Chretien is entitled to consider it. Instead, francophones necessarily turn to the same tactic he did recently in Quebec: "Jean Chretien is an traitor," the poster heard in an underground bar—both rhetorical—cultural. "We are trying several measures, centralized in a Reform program—the idea is to be avoided that week," says Manning says would cost the \$34.4 billion federal deficit over three years.

REFORMING THE DIFC

Before Party leader Preston Manning promised to slash federal spending on social programs and slash cuts on benefits to families, he argued to cut over \$34,000 if his party failed the good government test. The proposals are among several measures contained in a Reform program—the idea is to be avoided that week, says Manning says would cost the \$34.4 billion federal deficit over three years.

FRAUD CASE DROPPED

The Crown attorney's office in Ottawa decided not to prosecute at least 127 Canadian diplomats who are suspected of embezzling more than \$300,000 in foreign travel cheques in the late 1980s. An earlier reconciliation by the RCMP that charges he laid was overturned because the case would have been too expensive and time-consuming, officials said.

BITTER MEDICINE

The Quebec government announced a two-year freeze on provincial social wages and benefits. Union leaders denounced the move, which will affect the province's 350,000 public employees, and warned of possible labor unrest. Said Fernand Drapeau, president of the Quebec Federation of Labor: "We don't want a head-on collision in Quebec. But you have no choice sometimes but to resort to a vast degree of mobilization."

NOT GUILTY

Former Quebec Conservative MP Claude Mailly was acquitted of forgery charges. In January, 1991, while she was working as executive assistant to then-housing minister Alain Bellegarde, Mailly signed a letter authorizing a Dec. 30, 1990, salary increase to \$80,000 a year from \$80,000 so that the case would be retroactive to April 1, 1990. Mailly said that she believed she was supposed to receive a retroactive increase—a claim backed by Bellegarde. Both Ontario Court Judge Hugh Proulx "She did not have the guilty mind required to convict any person of a criminal offence."

THE TORY RACE



Defence Minister Kim Campbell, who has been described by critics as silent and arrogant, launched her campaign to replace Prime Minister Brian Mulroney by saying it "gives government back to the people." Although Campbell promised to review detailed policy positions in the weeks ahead, her biggest challenge will likely be to maintain her momentum as the runaway favorite in a 1994 of five declared constituencies (page 56), in other developments:

- Environment Minister Jane Chanot, widely seen as Campbell's strongest challenger, said that Ottawa needs to play a leadership role in helping the poor and the unemployed.
- Leadership hopeful Patrick Beyer criticized Mulroney's government for not doing enough to combat spending

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"That's agriculture."

— Solicitor General Douglas Roche, during *question period* question about Kim Campbell's admission that she avoided workplace cuts in the 1990s

Canada Notes

THE RODRIGUEZ APPEAL

The Supreme Court of Canada agreed to hear within weeks the appeal of Sue Rodriguez, who is terminally ill with Lou Gehrig's disease and is seeking a constitutional right to end her life with a doctor-assisted suicide. Doctors have told the 32-year-old Victoria-area woman, who has had two previous court battles in British Columbia, that she has between two and 13 months to live.

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Address: _____
City/Town: _____
Prov.: _____ Date: _____
Phone No.: _____

CANADA

our education and other issues.

Only days before Samson's nomination in Quebec East, Chretien's own chief of staff, Jean Pelletier, joined himself at the centre of another controversy. According to Mill-born Barbadian Teote, who was seeking the party's nomination in Brampton/Montgomery/Oakville, Pelletier caustically told her the officials a black person would encounter situations a white person would not experience during elections in the Quebec City area. The Chretien side later publicly withdrew his remarks—and Teote went on to lose the nomination.

Compounding an image problem, the Liberal hierarchy has been exposed in handling a number of constituency-level disputes over candidate selection. Many of Berger's problems in St-Henri-Westmount, for one, stem from a challenge mounted by former Liberal cabinet minister Donald Johnson, now the party's national president. Johnson, who represented the riding when Berger was a member of Pierre Trudeau's government, had initially received Chretien's approval to run in the open nomination meeting. Under pressure from his caucus, however, Chretien reversed his decision. Johnson thus withdrew from the race, prompting a bitter fight among members of the riding's executive and opening a long-sought opportunity for the Conservatives. "If the Tories won this riding, all they have to do is move forward with a decent, half-decent candidate and either she—or he—will win hands down," complained disgruntled Liberal worker and Westmount resident Stéphane Drouin, who had been part of Johnson's team.

Similarly, Liberal ergonomics irked party workers in the Montreal riding of Ahuntsic by exposing another former Liberal cabinet minister, Diane Bellemare Poitras, as an ardent membership, which had been holding newcomer Hélène Chartrand. Not all members of Liberals have received the same treatment, however. In response to a plan for high-profile candidate, former cabinet minister and past party president Francis Fox, who defected himself as a candidate in the Montreal riding of Verdun/St-Paul, Blaikie refused to support the bid, having already presented the nomination to someone else. An identified



Hector's a contest in Quebec

CANADA

'A separate identity'

Kim Campbell claims to be different

In a Vancouver last week, Kim Campbell wasted little time in sufficing a central theme of her campaign for the federal Conservative party leadership. Launching her candidacy before 1,000 supporters at her home riding of Vancouver Centre, the 46-year-old defence minister declared, "I'd like to change the way people think about politics in this country by changing the way politics is done." Campbell, who enjoys a commanding lead in public opinion polls over her nearest rival, Environment Minister Jean Charest, also appeared determined to highlight differences between herself and the man she hopes to replace—Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. At a later news conference, she pointedly noted, "There are all sorts of ways in which I am different from Brian Mulroney—and I have no qualms about articulating a separate identity."

Still, Campbell is unlikely to forget radically from the Tory policies that she vigorously promoted—and helped to shape—during her four years as a cabinet minister in Mulroney's government. But Campbell strategists maintain that the current government's agenda is almost finished—as



Campbell insists over the campaign's speed

Campbell is free to outline new policies in full when the government fails to recognize the need for better and bolder solutions. She will likely call for tighter controls on the deficit and outline detailed programs to re-

train workers who have lost their jobs in the fiercely competitive climate of the 1980s. Seal William Neale, an Ottawa-based corporate lobbyist who is a senior adviser to Campbell, "It is possible to be fresh and new without closing where you can't find."

Campbell has promised that she will, in fact, release a detailed economic program before the June 13 leadership vote. Late last week, though, she concentrated on presenting herself as an agent of change—issuing a directive to her workers to ensure that her campaign "maintains high ethical standards and is not excessive in its attack on other candidates or their supporters." She even acknowledged to the Ottawa newspaper Le Droit that she had once lied myself. "I violated the rules," she said in a play on U.S. President Bill Clinton's statement that he had lied marijuana but not about it. In another interview, she expressed concern at how quickly the leadership campaign had unfolded—and how her own popularity had skyrocketed. "It is happening so fast," she said. "You need time to prepare, you need time to think, you need time to reflect." But as Campbell will soon discover, those luxuries are now behind her.

E. KATE FULTON in Vancouver with MARY JANEK in Ottawa



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Dennis (left) at council meeting; frustration and ugly incidents

Speaking out

Ottawa-area francophones fight to survive

Gaston Bay settled into the photo-colored chair, arranged his notes and then addressed the nine-member Gloucester city council of Gloucester, an Ottawa-area community of 131,877 people. The 51-year-old francophone real estate consultant introduced himself in French. But then he immediately switched to English to present his citizenship objection to a proposed new property development. Disregarding a debate over language that has at times split the community, Bay cheerfully explained that he was using English in order to better represent his mostly English-speaking neighborhood. "The non-English-speaking and three French-speaking council members—excluding Mayor Claude Gauvin—listened attentively. Later, under the council chamber, he elaborated on his decision. "I know there were some francophones who probably left saying, 'Gaston Bay should have spoken French,'" he said. "But if you are trying to tell something to council and none of them speak on French—and you speak French on principle—will you make your point?"

Such pragmatism in discourse among members of Gloucester's 20,000-member francophone community. But tensions have erupted recently over demands by French-speaking residents for more municipal services in their own language. Spearheading the fight is the Ottawa area's only French-language daily, *Le Droit*, which marked its 80th anniversary last week. For editor-in-chief Gilbert Lavoie, who

took over in January, 1980, after serving almost three years as Press Manager for Ottawa Mayor Pauline Marois, the aim is to ensure the survival of the region's small but vibrant francophone population.

While the Ottawa area's francophone community has grown slightly over the last five years—from 122,423 to 134,548—it has shrunk from 30.6 per cent to 28.3 per cent as a proportion of a larger, increasingly diverse population. And successful, well-educated francophones like Bay, prepared to speak English in order to be heard, are more and more common. According to Lavoie, it is time for English institutions to respond. "We have taken a hard stand on this issue because it has great symbolic value."

Linguistic frustrations have led to ugly incidents in Gloucester. Last fall, a predominantly francophone hardware club refused to allow anglophone members to renew their memberships. The club's French-speaking members complained that they felt pressed to speak English because of the increasing presence of anglophones. After pressure from my council, the club backed down," says Major Gauvin of



Bay: rising concern

complaints that they felt pressed to speak English because of the increasing presence of anglophones. After pressure from my council, the club backed down," says Major Gauvin of

NANCY WOOD in Gloucester

the club's efforts to preserve its French identity. "It was simple done."

More recently, Gloucester city council has been at the center of the storm. Last year, the council commissioned an independent management consultant David Lemoine to examine whether the city was providing adequate French language services. In February, Lemoine delivered several recommendations, including adopting a bilingual agenda for council meetings and simultaneous translation services. The council approved most of Lemoine's suggestions, but the six anglophone councillors voted to delete one key recommendation—the creation of an advocacy council to monitor French services and to recommend improvements.

Explains anglophone councillor Diane Dennis: "I didn't think there was enough work for them to do and their things became make-work projects."

That vote provoked a backlash. *Le Droit* characterized it as "Gloucester's show," and francophone residents showed up in record numbers at a city council meeting that was held entirely in English only. Dennis further fueled the debate by writing in a community newspaper column that while a few french francophones were dissatisfied—and that if services were increased, they might also have to be offered to such other groups as Indians and Lebanese. Francophones have lived in the area since 1850 and, says Lavoie, the message was that "we are immigrants in this country."

Gloucester has since offered its francophones an olive branch: a pilot project of simultaneous translation at council meetings. Still, at an estimated cost of \$500 a meeting, the scheme has irritated members of both groups. Sen Robert Sancaric, president of the Ottawa Carlton Home Builders' Association, says: "With these tough economic times, we have to hold the line. There are families who think council has limitless funds if it does not." Even *Le Droit's* Lavoie says that the plan is "a waste of money" that will serve anglophone francophones far more than francophones—most of whom already understand both languages. Clearly, the municipal tax service may do little to impress francophones who are aware that their future is in an increasingly anglophone community.

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A drug arrest in Miami: now still dealing in death and nastiness by the kilo and the gross

WORLD

AMERICA'S TOP COP

On a rainy night along Ocean Drive, the signs outside the art deco buildings still earn the salt-laden air its seductive, patch-of-moon-pink-and-blue further south down Biscayne Bay—speedboats racing past full moonlit still seas licks of foam the color of coated shrimps and starred night. And is such meetings in sun houses all across Florida's largest city, ears with eyes like ice still dead in death and nastiness by the kilo and the gross. Miami Vice the dramatic series that brought those images into millions of homes during the 1980s, long gone disappeared from North American prime-time television. But make no mistake in Miami, Vice is still a thriving business.

That is a disturbing fact for those Americans who harbor hope that the new administration in Washington might be able to stem the daily bloodletting on the nation's streets. In turning to Miami lawyer Janet Reno to fill the job of U.S. attorney general has meant President Bill Clinton selected an America's top law-enforcement officer a career prosecutor on whose watch crime rates rise steadily in her rapidly aging

VICE STILL THRIVES IN MIAMI, WHERE THE NEW U.S. ATTORNEY GENERAL JANET RENO CUT HER TEETH

in Washington, she is likely to frustrate America's vocal tough-on-crime lobby. But the 54-year-old, no-fact too-tight attorney's penchant for reform might dramatically alter the violent face of justice in America.

In taking her leave of Miami early last week, Reno left behind the city of her childhood. She grew up on the fringes of the Everglades in a house built from stone and native pine by her mother, Jane, a hard-drinking one-time professional folk-guitar wunderkind. Reno has called Miami "the only I know, a city that reflects the diversity, the dreams and the problems of America." The problem, certainly. Serious crime increased by 25 per cent in Dade County while Reno was its chief law officer during the 1980s, more than twice as fast as in the state in a while.

Much of that fall was clearly beyond the reach of even the most aggressive of prose writers. During Reno's tenure, southern Florida moved from the impact of the nation's most concentrated drug trade, violent eruptions and successive waves of largely uncontrolled immigration from Cuba, Haiti and South America. By the decade's end, a wave

invadition of nearly two million people (Reno's preferred term), says Kathy Beale, her successor as Florida state attorney in Miami-Dade County, was "the greatest of violence, where it leads." To that end, Reno sponsored reforms designed to break the vicious cycles of individual dysfunction and institutional callousness that have long trapped millions of Americans in a downward spiral of crime and imprisonment. If Reno now tries to implement a similar agenda

of invaders that peaked during the so-called cocaine cowboy wars of the late 1970s and early 1980s had subsided. But federal drug agents say that the narcotics traffic that fuelled the violence continues to flourish.

Reno, in Miami last week over many former critics applauded Reno for having used her power to do more than merely jail an overwhelming number of offenders. "We had everything but the Watergate poster and we set it in 1983," Miami attorney and black activist R. O. Howard Smith told *Newsweek*. "In 1983, she is the poster of the show."

Lately, Reno's road to authority seems to have ended in anger and abuse. It's by a cumulative and break of moral evidence sparked by circumstances that are awfully familiar. The scalping of four white police officers in May 1990, on charges arising from the heating death of a 33-year-old black insurance salesman set off rioting in black neighborhoods of Miami that lasted for three days.

By the time the violence had ebbed, 16 people had been beaten or shot to death, hundreds of businesses were destroyed and 3,000 National Guardsmen patrolled 240 surrounding city blocks. The shocked aftermath, Smith and other black leaders demanded Reno's resignation. She refused.

The incentive of the day in Miami's Little City district still bears testimony to the losses. At the corner of 54th Street and 21st Avenue, weed and litter-sabotaged vestis into survival: They's Clippers, a biker-like, cross-black pasted wood signs that is the neighborhood's only surviving business that today are a new mystery and a字符串 community center. And amid Miami's blacks, the intense distrust of the police and the galvanized distrust that suffused the roots of the violence, "we're the police," says a right-wing, pro-police spokesman. "The police are the right," said Dennis Jones, 56, a man who says he spends his morning hours in front of a Liberty City market selling 20-centive Chiquita bananas. "They're better than they were 10 years ago."

One reason for the more callousness seen at a series of prosecutions that Reno's office brought against white police officers accused of using excessive violence against blacks: "A lot of people would not have taken the political risk of prosecution," said Smith. "A lot of people in the black community resented that." Last April, when the scalping of four white police officers on charges of beating black Los Angeles mobster Ronald Biggs off deadly riots there and in other cities from Atlanta to Las Vegas, Miami responded coldly.

Beginning in the mid-1980s, Reno advanced a new approach to the prosecutor's traditional mission, one best described as presen-

tive crime-fighting. She based her case on two perceptions. The first was that the threat of imprisonment had long ceased to be an effective deterrent to crime. The drug-drenched streets of south Florida, where guns are freely available, simply served up offenders in numbers far too large for the courts to cope with, prosecute a growing number of plea-bargains and shortened sentences. The second insight, which many observers of the problem in Miami's courts also came to believe, was that the only hope for either law in changing the social and personal conduct that lead people to commit crimes.

In any event, another of the reforms that Reno championed during the past eight months has all been directed towards achieving that difficult goal.

In 1985, Reno encouraged state attorneys, approval to establish a division within the office dedicated solely to prosecuting men who abuse wives or girlfriends—and to prosecuting their victims. The following year, Reno's office took over responsibility for enforcing child support orders against delinquent fathers in the county. The task now occupies a staff of more than 300 people who collected \$42 million last year on behalf of 125,000 single parents.

Then, in 1988, Reno encouraged court officials to assign a judge to hear only cases involving first-time drug offenders (page 21). She also gave prosecutors wide leeway to drop charges if defendants successfully completed a drug treatment program. After four years of presiding over the increasingly popular drug court, Judge Stanley Goldstein, who at first expressed deep skepticism about the approach, has become an even ardent advocate. The omnipresent former policeman says—but more than 60 per cent of those who enter his court remain drug- and arrested two years later. "They're working, they're paying taxes, they're raising families," said Goldstein. "What more do you want?"

The innovative drug court also helped Reno catch the eye of Justice President Clinton. As the public prosecutor recommended to Goldstein's court, Hugh Rathbone, the brother of Hillary Clinton's Clinton, White House press secretary, Clinton on several occasions took advantage of visits to Miami to observe Goldstein's court in action.

Reno extended her office's pioneering approach to justice further still in 1990 when she substantially expanded and beefed up an ex-offender program designed to keep young, mostly first-time offenders from becoming career criminals. Adapting the catchy acronym 1995 (pronounced "just"), for Juvenile Alternative Sentencing System, the program offers more than 7,000 nonviolent offenders one year a chance to serve brief confinement and an eventual criminal record. Instead, they have to undertake a program of rehabilitation that may include staying resolution to their victims. Just director Shirley Almeida says that as a result

World Notes

DANGEROUS DUTY

At least three people were killed and wounded, including two Canadian soldiers, when their armored vehicles killed the Bosnian town of Srebrenica. The Canadian, Major Cpl. Dennis Part, 24, of Montreal, and Pte. Timothy Ferrell, 25, of Dartmouth, N.S., were part of a United Nations peacekeeping force in Bosnia. Both were shot and killed in an unmarked trench. In an unrelated incident, Master Cpl. John William Terpinski, 28, of Penetanguishene, Ont., was killed when an armed personnel carrier in which he was riding exploded.

SUSPECTED TERRORISTS ARRESTED

U.S. agents entered Jordan Egypt with a key suspect in the Feb. 26 bombing of Manhattan's World Trade Center investigation alleged that Mohamed Abu-Holail, 34, a New Jersey taxi driver, masterminded the attack that killed six people and injured more than 1,000. Agents also arrested Bush Alkass, 27, a Jordanian national living in New Jersey. Three other suspects are at large.

TRADEOFF IN ENGLAND

Public outrage against the Irish Republican Army followed two bomb blasts in the northern English city of Warrington, which killed three-year-old Jonathan Ball and 18-year-old Tim Parry. More than 30 other people were injured in the attack. Clearly angry, British Prime Minister John Major vowed to let the killers "feel the rest of their days until we find them."

NEW ISRAEL PRESIDENT

The Israeli parliament elected veteran politician Ezer Weizman as the Jewish state's seventh president Wednesday, 86, a former army general who helped bring peace to Egypt and forever tilt the Palestine Liberation Organization. He will succeed President Chaim Herzog on May 13 in a five-year term.

BOMBS AWAY

President F.W.J. Grootenhuis de Klerk acknowledged that South Africa had no clear borders, but said that they were dissolved as soon as his office in 1989. His task parliament that in 1974 when the Soviet expansionist threat was growing, "thus declared minister P. W. Botha. Botha began overseeing the building of nuclear devices, but that the end of the Cold War made them unnecessary. So South Africa is the stable nation in Africa having had nuclear weapons, and the first to voluntarily dismantle them."

of the \$1.4-billion-in-prison program, "you have fewer kids going deeper into the system, which is monetarily more expensive."

But whatever prevents Reno's innovations hold for reducing future violence, they have failed to staunch the rise in crime. While the index of all serious crime, a compilation that includes the incidence of murder, rape and major thefts per 100,000 people, rose by 12 per cent in Florida between 1980 and 1981, the rate in Dade County increased by 25 per cent over the same period. By the end of the 1980s, Miami's long-sacred culture was reporting nearly 700 instances of serious crime every day.

That record has opened Reno to criticism, especially from police officers who were all ready frustrated by her energetic crackdown on the use of force against suspects. "We had citizens who were not satisfied with the way we did the community outreach," charged John Rivera, the president of the 3,000-member Dade County Police Benevolent Association. As a result, Rivera said, "the job has gotten tougher and tougher, with no one to turn around from the attorney's office."

Among police, there is particular concern for the future state prosecutor's leniency towards young offenders. "As far as juvenile justice goes," says Dade County officer Bill Maxson, "the system sucks." He cautions that the criticism is fair. "They're right," will Maxson. "We have to really reexamine our thinking about youth justice."

New thinking, however, is what Reno en-

visions during her long tenure as Miami's state law officer. And it has not taken the new attorney general long to demonstrate that she is determined to similarly examine the thought processes of the 95,000 people who now work for her at the department of justice. Dragging the hoary title of "General," by which some predecessors insisted that they be addressed, Reno instructed her staff to simply call her "Janet"—or even just "Hey you." But in a move that underscored her seriousness, last week she also endorsed all 94 senior federal attorneys appointed during the Reagan and Bush administrations to submit their resignations so that Reno said, she could rebuild the department in a form that "represents my views and the views of President Clinton."

In Miami, the blunt instruction was viewed as a clear demonstration of Reno's assertiveness. "It makes me optimistic," said Mayor and Mrs. Alan Keyes. "With Janet Reno, even when I thought she was dead wrong, I knew she was honest. That gives her a tremendous opportunity to heal a lot of the wounds that have been caused in the people of America." A nation in recovery, out of patience with moralism, however, Reno will also need to prove that she can continue today's visit while dismantling tomorrow's illusions.

CHRIS WOOD is Miami and
LAUREN HIBBARD in Washington



Stress, new thinking, angry eyes

serve them any more safely we absolutely have to." Reno's successor concurred that the criticism is fair. "They're right," will Maxson. "We have to really reexamine our thinking about youth justice."

New thinking, however, is what Reno en-

Hotel Stars Come Out

Vancouver is a wonderful haven. The city has a sparkle in its eye from the downtown lights, a warm embracing feeling from the mountains and a light feel reflected in the harbor's water. Staying in a place that can reflect these feelings creates magic all the difference. In a short time, the Waterfront Centre Hotel has captured the spirit of the city.

On a recent stay at the hotel I tried to single out what has made this hotel so remarkable, in a city of very fine hotels. My first clue was, of course, staring me in the face from my room—a view that is stunning. The large, a local monument peak, Grouse Mountain, seemed to be peering, not for my benefit. "Mountain," the hotel's CEO added, "exceptional, all of the arrangements were first class."

Words the spoke delightfully and meaning filled the pages. My impressions were confirmed. The location of the hotel was indeed the most visible attraction, but knowledgeably people soon learned what such and every hotel guest knew on checking in.

The real jewel of The Waterfront Centre Hotel is not the waterfront outside, but the staff inside.

General Manager, Michael Goldstein, came along with a file that confirmed my suspicions. It wasn't just me who noticed the staff went beyond the expected.

"Resonance was extremely thoughtful and courteous, and we were most grateful for her 'housekeeping,'" read one. Another said, "Karen and Tessa, Guest Service Managers, provided the level of service I wish could exceed at all the hotels I do business." Karen typed a report for us when we were unable to get our complaints working on our Sunday arrival date."

Trudging through the notes I was definitely getting a sense of a strong team. After a bank of Montreal conference, one note read, "What a fantastic show off all of your people put on last evening. In fact, I cannot remember, in my 15 years, a more polished effort." Another, "Karen, the CEO, added, "exceptional, all of the arrangements were first class."

Words the spoke delightfully and meaning filled the pages. My impressions were confirmed. The location of the hotel was indeed the most visible attraction, but knowledgeably people soon learned what such and every hotel guest knew on checking in.

The real jewel of The Waterfront Centre Hotel is not the waterfront outside, but the staff inside.

Night Court

A 'cop in a black dress' metes out novel justice

The charter flight the pine-paneled second-floor courtroom in Miami's Gersten Justice Building died down in a slender woman in a black suit sat on tiered and stood quietly by the door. With the looks and poise of the international model that she was, she was seated stridently but at peace until the drama outside occupied the half-decent rows of public seating. But the contrast was starkly felt. Spreading the serene standing at the rear of the courtroom last week, Judge Shirley Goldstein recalled how she had looked when she had first appeared before her. Her mother, he told the captive audience, had found her in the family's basement, trying to pull weeds from her hair. Now, 35 years later, the woman stood that commanding, indeed, that she was well placed on the judge's sculpted chair. But, guided by Goldstein, she has lost her dress habit and is now posed in a simple, backless, boutique in Italy. Permanent. "For god's sake, if you do anything else," Goldstein told the 30 or so community officials who were filling the courtroom's sculpted chairs. But, guided by Goldstein, she has lost her dress habit and is now posed in a simple, backless, boutique in Italy. Permanent.

In the measure that defines her completely from the form, 58-year-old judge who describes herself as "a cop in a black dress." Since 1989, the former Miami police officer has presided over a broad-swinging experiment in diverting offenders arrested for theft or small-scale drug sales from burgeoning courts deeply ensnared in the criminal justice system. Those who qualify are given an offer that most find difficult to refuse. In return for handing their right to a speedy trial, they enter a year-long treatment program that boasts a soaring 60-percent recovery rate. Those who fail may face the charges against them in regular court. "You give me a year," Goldstein tells them. "I'll drive you crazy for that one year. And I'll give you 40 good years after that. One for 40. That's better than the bars."

Goldstein's early direction reinforces the program's emphasis on individual responsibility. Presenting him in message of personal resolve on the way to breaking free from crime, Goldstein offers himself as an example. "I was a nasty cop," he recalled in his court last week. "How did I become a social worker?" I changed." With remarkable effect, Goldstein is proving that even the most dyed-in-the-wool offenders can do the same.

CHRIS WOOD is Miami

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THE DEVIL THEY KNOW

Few ever questioned Boris Yeltsin's popular track, especially after he used his skills first to save Mikhail Gorbachev and then to revert power from him in 1989. The essential question that both Russians and the world have asked since then is whether Yeltsin knows how to use power—but because his subordinates have always been those of a rebel, not a ruler. Now, an answer is emerging. The conservative political insider who made a career out of railing against the system has been in charge for 15 months—and the system is in shambles. But Yeltsin shows no signs of losing his knack for survival. Last week, he once again staved off a threat to his rule, fending off, for now at least, the reactionary tide of Russian nationalists and old Communists guard who blame him for the country's slide toward chaos. That continuing feud is part of the encompassing struggle between reform and reaction, change and nostalgia, capitalist democracy and the Russian conservative's version of the good old days. And although Yeltsin has avoided being righteously forced out of parliament with divisive, uncompromising legislation that could of the Soviet Union's modern legacy, continue to back him, Boris Yeltsin is the elected political leader of Russia. U.S. President Bill Clinton and last week, "He has shown great courage in sticking up for democracy, and I've got to support that."

Yeltsin's courage has never been in doubt, especially since that sultry August evening only 18 months ago when he climbed onto a tank to rebuff his resistance that toppled the leadership platform of a coup against the vacuous Gorbachev. The burly Siberian willingly shared with his constituents the dangers of resistance to dictatorship. But all he agrees to wait them now is their unquestioned support for the way he chooses to deal, often impulsively, with his enemies and the die-hards that still mutinously gather. The economy, stumbling toward privatization, is a mess. Ethnic groups jostling Russia's 125 specified semi-autonomous republics grew even more numerous. The press is free but the news is mostly bad. Peter moats and corruption have spread through the armed forces and there are numerous accounts of

soldiers using their weapons to civilians. Meanwhile, the number of citizens who report for induction has dropped to 20 percent from 40.

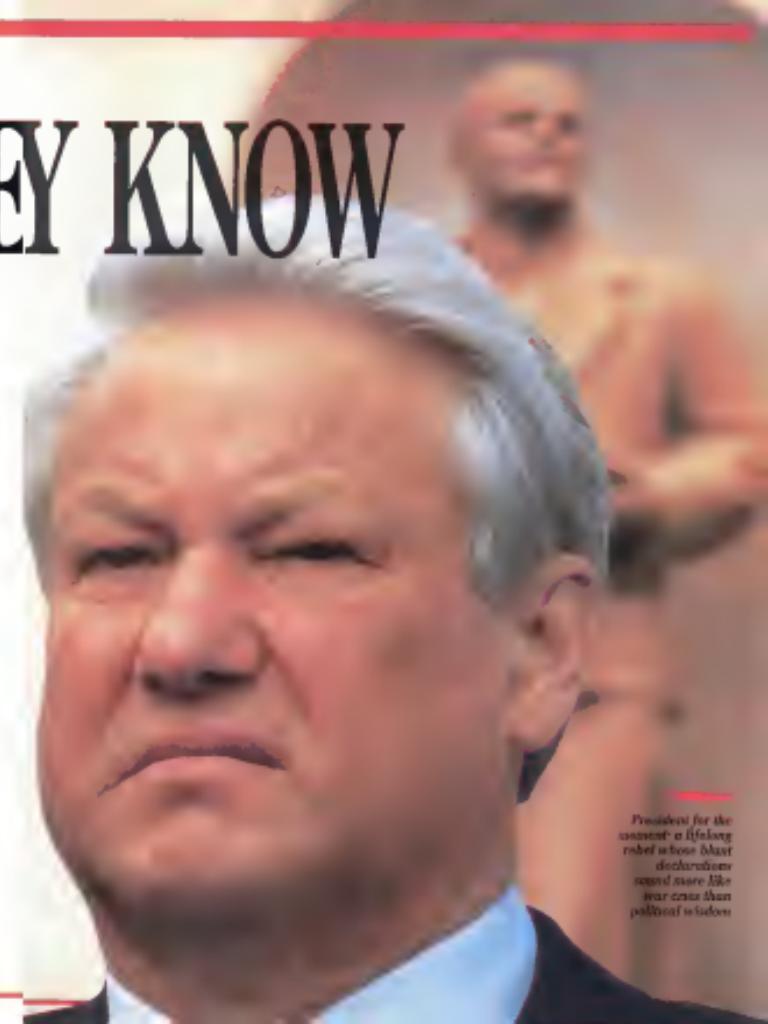
The biggest problem could be Yeltsin himself—his personality, his style and his seemingly flawed, blustering approach to the exercise of power, as unpredictable as a winter storm. One day after seeming to quell opposition to his rule with a forceful public performance, a disheveled Yeltsin appeared again in the legislature to deliver an impromptu and unscripted speech, spilling accusations from opponents that he was drunk. Yeltsin later said that he was merely exhausted from the strain of the crisis and the death last week of his 84-year-old mother. But his unorthodox approach to politics has been evident ever since parliament chose the 62-year-old architect engineer as president of the Russian republic on May 25, 1990. He was elected as president by the Russian people in a historic vote on June 12, 1991. During the campaign, he said he did not belong to any political party because he wanted to be the leader of all the people. That declaration sounded like a rebel war cry than political wisdom.

But with no precise political philosophy, no ideology, no party organization to speak of and no police guard of politically wise and disciplined aides, Yeltsin became head of the world's largest nation. An indifferent administrator with no patience for detail, he has given the impression ever since of running the country from water scalded on the back of an envelope. Last December, shortly before the Congress of People's Deputies refused to confirm sitting prime minister Yegor Gaidar, Yeltsin told friends that he wanted to join a political party after all. But he did nothing about it and instead resoundingly has direct appeals to the people to help him against his enemies.

However, the people may no longer be listening in the manner he needs for long-term survival (page 23). Certainly the wild and uncontrolled hero-worship Yeltsin enjoyed in his rebel days is long gone. Thousands of once-entitled Moscowites say that they have grown weary of the innumerable Kremlin debates that bear no obvious relevance to their bleak existence. "Those are soaring, come is dwarfing and these guys find no way to occupy themselves other than brawling," Alexander, a vendor on

Russia is sliding into chaos and Boris Yeltsin is under siege. But the rebel is better at fighting for power than wielding it.

OTTO JAHN/ASSOCIATED PRESS



President for the moment: a lifelong rebel whose blunt declarations sound more like war cries than political wisdom

IN RUSSIA, HIS APPETITE FOR LIQUOR IS A BADGE OF MERIT

Moscow's Tverskaya Street, and last week, Viktor Pashkevich, a schoolteacher, said Yel'tsin had promised that "reforms in Russia would not at the people's expense. I don't think they can shoot people, so why should people eat sand there?" Two days later, Boris Berezovsky summed up the empathy in the streets: "I worked like hell all week and got drunk Saturday," he said. "On Sunday, I sat here and the television and coalition for the life of me understood what was going on. I just watched it all."

And regular Boris Priger said that the war of words between Yeltsin and parliament "is like watching an tennis. I may favor one of the players but would hardly move from my sofa to support him even if I could."

Yeltsin himself would be sensitive to the ramifications of policies from everyday life. "The Kremlin is distant from the concerns of the capital's citizens, but it is half a continent away from Borki, a hamlet in the Ural Mountains about 1,200 km east of Moscow where Yeltsin was born on Feb. 1, 1931. In his 1990 autobiography, *Against the Grain*, Yeltsin claimed that he had always been a rebel accustomed to bizarre experiences that began in youth. "As was the custom in villages all over Russia at bathtubs, the parents offered the priest a glass of home-brewed beer, moonshine liquor or vodka—whatever they could afford," he wrote. "My turn did not come, and the afternoon and the priest, who had drunk many beers, could hardly stand. He dragged me into the large old-fashioned tub, got into an argument with a parishioner and forgot to take me out." His parents survived and watched him from the tub. "The priest was not particularly worried. He said 'Well if he can survive such an ordeal, it means he's a good tough lad!'"

Many of the villagers lived in poverty and Yeltsin spent his childhood in one of the crude command-line houses of the Urals. His father was a labourer; his mother took in laundry and sewing and they had neither indoor toilets nor running water. "Want of all was the winter when there was nowhere to hide from the cold," he recalled. "We had to

wear clothes, so it was the old pony and who am I. I remember holding up to the same, when a snow. The tax of us slept together around her on the floor."

Yeltsin's career as a rebel, he recounted, began when he first went to school. "In all my years in school, I was always the ring leader, always deviating some prank. In the



Saying goodbye at his mother's funeral: childhood poverty

first grade, for instance, I made all the class jump up a first floor window when the class entrance came in. We all disliked her."

Yeltsin was expelled from public school several times for rebellious behavior and fighting. But he always won his way back by using the system against itself, appealing adverse decisions to a higher authority—and finding his way.

The first major job after finishing school was

escaping a state engineering college in the Urals. He joined the Communist party and eventually became regional chairman. Tragedy in Yekaterinburg, the former Sverdlovsk, where Yeltsin was party boss and the mid-1980s, still recall how he frequently wielded a variety of benefits for the region vis à vis the elderly Communist dictator Leonid Brezhnev.

It was Gorbachev who first detected Yeltsin's potential in an ally in his battle to rescue the dying Communist system, and, in 1985, made him party chief in Moscow. But he died two years later when Yeltsin's campaign against special privileges for officials arrested the party leadership. The attack on

Yeltsin by his parliamentary adversaries during the post-new year's speech echoed Gorbachev's "warning" relative to the time: "You reached such heights of self-aggrandizement and to your opinion of yourself such that you put your ambitions above those of the party and our affairs!"

Yeltsin's untimely and easily buried ego was surely on the minds of the White House and state department planners of that starkly isolated moment with Clinton in Vancouver. For example, when then-Secretary of State James Baker visited Moscow at April 1987, Yeltsin relented to at least a degree that Baker gave for the leaders of the 15 Soviet republics. Instead, he wanted Baker to meet him on his home ground—in the Russian Republic of Bashkiria. And Yeltsin had worked out a compromise, one of the few to which Yeltsin has probably ever agreed, and the meeting took place at the residence of the US ambassador.

Clinton will undoubtedly also have been briefed on other observations of the jocund Russian leader. Yeltsin is eager to get recognition as on a first-name basis—a quirk that openly irritated President George Bush. And Yeltsin's impulsiveness has occasionally bordered on recklessness. When the mostly townsborn him and Gorbachev had become openly savage in 1981, Yeltsin at one point urged his followers to wage war against the remnants of the Soviet central government. He later half-pologized for his overheated rhetoric, adding somewhat sheepishly: "Maybe I should have just read the rest of my speech" like his tendency towards broadsheeting persists. In the early stages of the current crisis in December, he demanded that the Russian people choose between him and the Congress of People's Deputies. The standoff immediately ebbed when the two sides agreed to conduct a refer-

endum on April 26 who really rules Russia, although the Congress had rejected the agreement after Japanese voters working there had said no. Yeltsin's proposal became even more pernicious, however, when he tried to extend it to naming persons to do something. Late last week, Vice-President Alexander Rutskoi went

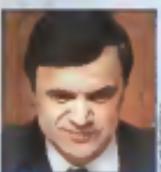
that Yeltsin had tapped with the idea of imposing presidential rule backed by the army, he has been unable to force the military's hand. But should his position become even more pernicious, he may feel forced again to co-opting persons to do something. Late last week, Vice-President Alexander Rutskoi went

before the Congress to denounce the market reforms Yeltsin has introduced. The fact of Rutskoi's speech is enough to ensure that the army will not fight below the level of the vice-president, a former air force officer. For diplomats and their inter-service rivalry would likely leave the army unmoved by Rutskoi's display of power.

Yeltsin's public life has been well documented since he first arrived in Moscow eight years ago by comparison, his personal life is obscured in secrecy. In the West, speculation that he drinks heavily often disappears. From his official duties for two or three days at a time, is fulfilling his role in Russia, where incompetence is common, the president's appetite for liquor is widely considered to be a badge of merit. Yeltsin freely admits that he drinks and, in fact, reluctantly admits to Kremelin receptionists and state dinners after the teetotaling Gorbachev stayed off. Yeltsin's doctors say that he has great stamina and enjoys good health, although he has a major heart condition and occasional high blood pressure.

Unlike Gorbachev, Yeltsin keeps his wife, Naina, the former singer, and their two married daughters in the background. In a rare interview with the Dutch magazine *De Volkskrant* last year, Naina Yeltsin said: "Our whole family life turns around Boris." Yeltsin's wife, who is 2½ million member armed forces. Last week, the 45-year-old Afghanistan war veteran pledged that those forces would stay neutral in the power struggle between Yeltsin and parliamentary chairman Russian Khasbulatov—all action that many analysts said showed without support for the embattled president. But Grachev also warned of division in the ranks: "The army has maintained stability as far, but the situation is heating up," he told parliament. "A split in the army would end in bloodshed."

THE PLAYERS



RUSLAN KHASSBULATOV
Parliamentary Speaker



VALERY ZORKIN
Chairman, Constitutional Court



PAVEL GRACHEV
Defense Minister

The 50-year-old former economics professor has emerged as the most powerful opponent of Russian President Boris Yeltsin's fast-track economic reforms. As speaker of both the 1,033-member Duma, the irregularly sitting assembly that is Russia's highest legislative body, and the smaller standing parliament, whose 247 members are drawn from congressional ranks, Khasbulatov is the standard-bearer of Russian conservatism. A former ally of Yeltsin, he now accuses him of abusing the country toward a dictator ship. But Khasbulatov, himself, often displays ultra-nationalist tendencies. A Chechen, a member of one of the mountain tribes from southern Russia's turbulent Caucasus region, which has a well-deserved reputation as fierce fighters, he has coopted, bullied and manipulated frenzied legislators in his power struggle with Yeltsin.

Zorkin and his 12 fellow judges of Russia's Constitutional Court have the daunting task of interpreting and upholding a constitution that was written during the Communist era—and that is now at the center of the power struggle between Russian President Boris Yeltsin and parliamentary chairman Russian Khasbulatov. Last week, after Yeltsin declared that he would rule by decree and hold a referendum before the year's end, Zorkin's court ruled the plan unconstitutional. That, in turn, fuelled demands for the Russian president's impeachment. As Russia continues to emerge from the shadows of the Soviet era, 60-year-old Zorkin, a former Communist and law professor at Moscow State University, will likely find himself at the centre of many battles to come.



COVER

Grouse-faced politicians sputtered out of the front stores, and Moscow journalists carried stories that their exchange of threats last week, at times, the only people who seemed to matter in this troubled country were the new leader's warlike leaders, supported by the rest of a few thousand demonstrators who turned up outside the Kremlin to provide a backdrop in the deepest unfolding disaster.

But away from the miasma of the constitutional struggle for control, Russia begins to talk seriously for the first time about the divided possibility that the dispute between Boris Yeltsin and his parliamentarian foes might have set the remains of political, theoretical, spiritual, and the vast majority of Russia beyond its violence. Fueled by tax and media, the prolonged discussions around kitchen tables focused on what had been previously marginalized only in fleeting, across-whispers civil war.

As far dispersed Western journalists and staff drift through the narrow aisles of a hush-hush central Moscow, a barrel-chested

WHISPERS OF WAR

COULD RUSSIA BE PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS?

shaven-headed placed occasionally toward the nearby White House, where the Russian legislature sits. From there, the angry sheets of a small leaflet of demonstrators protest the amateur Russian President Boris Yeltsin's floundered through the chill spring air over bare Kirovsky Prospekt. "I am for Yeltsin but I hope for his sake that he does not have to

call in the army for support," said the 23-year-old clerk, who insisted that he be called Medved (Bear) because of his muscular build. He kept his real name a secret because he had refused to report for his induction into the Russian army last fall. "It's killing a dragon," he added. "Had I not declined the summons, I would now be in uniform. I would now be in uniform, gathering ready to defend the motherland, or the president, or God knows what."

Only one out of every five eligible conscripts to now showing up on induction day, a steep drop from the mid-1980s, when 80 percent of potential recruits an answer the call to arms. But draft dodging is only one of the problems plaguing Russia's armed forces, the disintegration of the manpower and equipment of the Soviet Army. The former Red Army is still engaged in a post-Soviet and other humiliations through the cold spring air over bare Kirovsky Prospekt. "I am for Yeltsin but I hope for his sake that he does not have to

Pro-Yeltsin demonstrators march in Moscow, living through a period of epic historical change.

and a break in economic and political class.

Now, however, the armed forces themselves are divided that distance. During the past month, Russian armament and civilian have been shocked by revolutions of corruption and mismanagement within the military, including evidence that four young sailors in the Russian navy starved to death in February at an inadequately provisioned naval base on the Pacific coast. In the same region, prosecutors have charged an air force general with using bombers under his command to shelling men and women and entrepreneurs at and from China. Said chief military prosecutor Valentin Pavlovich: "What is going on in the armed forces is only a reflection of general instability in society."

Officers and men now engage in a practice that

Russia refers to as "spontaneous privatization"—the open selling of armoured Kalashnikov automatic rifles and other weapons to eager local buyers. More than

thousand instances regularly occur in the non-independent Baltic states as Russian garrison forces shrink to about 350,000 men. In the Latvian capital of Riga, Russian officers attached to the Northern Group of Forces recently acknowledged that a Kalashnikov can fetch about \$1,000, while hand grenades retail for bar-gain hardware prices of less than \$10.

Growing disorder, division and corruption in the ranks suggest another element of uncertainty may the struggle for supremacy between Yeltsin and the parliamentarians. Traditionally, Russia's armed forces have tried to stay out of politics, as the members of a failed right-wing coup discovered to their regret in August, 1991, when military officers refused to follow the coup leaders' orders to attack the Russian parliament building. Yeltsin has certainly cultivated the army's support by raising soldiers' pay and cut glorifying their economic reform

ambitions. "Who cares what these Sols do in Moscow?" she added. "We have our own, thing we need to care in our own." To represent something to control over itself, Moscow can never distract and alienate. But even in Shadai, people are evenly aware that they are living through a period of epic historical change. Abram Stepanov, a 25-year-old entrepreneur, was last week with plans to set up a business selling computers and calculators—at lower prices than currently operating sellers. But he immediately has search for stores to offer an analysis of Russia's troubles. "We are going through another revolution and now we have reached a stage where hard choices have to be made," said Stepanov. "I am for reform but, like many people, I had assumed that we had managed to achieve a break with our past, shown without bloodshed, when the switch in Moscow fell in 1991."

Fat Stepanov, Stepanov and seven other workers who gathered around the water pump on a cloudy spring day last week, that morning with vodka. The Russian green dream's appeal for popular support seemed to be fading not in the little plains of the region. To be sure, endorsements were frequently hedged, and tinged with complacency about the daily struggle to survive on incomes ranged by more than inflation. "My husband is an invalid and all we can afford is bread and milk," said Stepanov. "I am for Yeltsin, but the country is being split apart. People are now worrying about civil war."

Stepanov laughed as she spoke, then mocked herself for expressing such absurd



Soldiers shopping on the free market; no one's in disorder

sentiments. "Who cares what these Sols do in Moscow?" she added. "We have our own, thing we need to care in our own." To represent something to control over itself, Moscow can never distract and alienate. But even in Shadai, people are evenly aware that they are living through a period of epic historical change. Abram Stepanov, a 25-year-old entrepreneur, was last week with plans to set up a business selling computers and calculators—at lower prices than currently operating sellers. But he immediately has search for stores to offer an analysis of Russia's troubles. "We are going through another revolution and now we have reached a stage where hard choices have to be made," said Stepanov. "I am for reform but, like many people, I had assumed that we had managed to achieve a break with our past, shown without bloodshed, when the switch in Moscow fell in 1991."

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Even in this quiet backwater in Shadai, there is little respite from Moscow's deepening political crisis. All seven of the women who were chatting around the pump said that they now left television and radio sets sitting almost constantly at home, to catch news bulletins on the latest developments. Said 35-year-old Nadezhda Nikulinova: "I would do that if I usually get angry when I look at the atmosphere in Moscow." And in a town whose history spans ninth-century Mongol invasion, many people believe more upheaval ahead. A bemused war veteran made it clear that he was hoping for the restoration of communism. "Comrades," he said, had only a 50-50 chance of working. In the self-pacified village that is a perfectly preserved record of Russia's past, his was a pensive warning that the country may not be able to avoid equally cataclysmic events in the near future.

MALCOLM GRAY in Shadai

It accomplished nothing else, but worsened confrontation between Russian President Boris Yeltsin and his opponents—but at least one effect it had on Western leaders: secretary to ministers and pedigree for Russia, US Secretary of State Warren Christopher smugly called Yeltsin's shabby transition to democracy "the greatest strategic challenge of our time." And Prime Minister John Major reluctantly admitted that the West must launch nothing less than a modern-day Marshall Plan to prevent a refugee into dictatorship. But even as the leaders' struggle to save their countrymen in Russia, they are determined and intent themselves against the possibility of being accused of "looting Russia"—soaring on the reform process have a sobering message: Devote all the goodwill in the world, the reality is that almost nothing the West can do will have a quick impact on the lives of Russians—at least, until Yeltsin's struggle to survive.

There was no shortage last week of suggestions for helping Russia. The first included everything from a \$17-billion fund to stabilize the ruble and arrest the country's hyperinflation to supplying disposable syringes to Russian hospitals. President Bill Clinton will likely give Yeltsin the outlines of a proposed new \$80 billion aid package from the leading industrial countries. The G-7 group of finance ministers over-did their analysis in Brussels on Sept. 1. The package would likely offer relief on Russia's \$30-billion foreign debt, impose credits to buy Western food and goods and a promise to help building Russian enterprises. But in practice, any step will have little short-term effect. Even optimists acknowledge that it will take many months—over a year—for Western aid to have the kind of impact that would be felt among Russian citizens.

One reason for pessimism is the West's track record to date. After the 1991 coup attempt that led to Mikhail Gorbachev's resignation, Western leaders rushed to premise help for Yeltsin's new, reformed government. Last year, the G-7 pledged \$80 billion for Russia. But only half of that aid package has actually been delivered. Another stumbling block is that much of the new aid would have to be implemented, at least in the short run, through Russia's notoriously inefficient bureaucracy. Assessing the proposals

• Create a social safety net to protect Russians against the worst effects of poverty and unemployment. If the country's existing state-owned enterprises are privatized at least their workers, not nec-

A beggar in Moscow: The hard reality in that almost nothing the West can do will have a quick impact on Russians' lives

essarily to allow inflation to run far ahead of Germany's capacity to fill it.

• Rebuild Russia's energy sector. Allowing Moscow to defer interest payments on the debt, as the thinking goes, would let Yeltsin's government use the money to improve the economy and help its own citizens. But in fact, Russia has been left behind in those priorities already. A G-7 agreement to revalue the ruble would merely add an official stamp of approval to that situation and do nothing to help Russians in general.

One idea that may form part of the G-7 package is an offer of financial help to restructure the country's oil and gas industry. An increase in Russia's energy exports would bring in more hard-currency earnings and enable the country to help itself. That would assure Western taxpayers that their money is not wasted, and prevent Russians that they are not viewed as objects of charity.

ANDREW PHILLIPS in London

HELPING HANDS

THE WEST TRIES TO RESCUE RUSSIA



hers will go bankrupt and millions of people will lose their jobs. The West might help to pay social benefits to poor families and the unemployed, a feature that some experts argue would ease Russians' fears about economic reforms. But such payments would have to be distributed through existing structures. Said Soviet expert Jonathan Eyal: "You have to rely for now on the corrupt, inefficient and democratic bureaucracy."

• Establish an independent central bank and a taxation system. Russia's central bank has fuelled hyperinflation, now raging at 40 per cent per month, by printing trillions of rubles—worthless unless, at the same time, the lack of effective ways to collect tax leaves Yeltsin's government with little revenue—a further temptation to simply print more money to pay its bills. Yeltsin's chief rival, president of the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, has urged the West to help Russia create a new tax system that Russia's ministry of finance could be required to become tax officials appear forthcoming, at best.

• Build new housing for Russian soldiers abroad in withdrawal from Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union. That might improve living standards enough to reduce poverty while also creating peace, but it will take time. Germany made new easy housing terms for the deal it struck with Gorbachev's government in 1990. But the demand has run far ahead of Germany's capacity to fill it.

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HISTORY'S MAN

REVILED AT HOME, MIKHAIL GORBACHEV STILL FINDS FRIENDS IN THE WEST



With the gloomy prognosis that springs from their travels, Russians often feel that God provided them with, "You never appreciate what you have and you lose it." Since the death of the Soviet Union 15 months ago, Mikhail Gorbachev has clearly seen the West's ambivalence about what he and his former fellow Soviets had—as well as what they believed. As he began an eight-day visit to Canada in Calgary last week, a plainer, more reflective Gorbachev had the air of a man who has put away old ideals, but just discovered new ones in a "Gratuitous interview with Michael" in the penthouse of a downtown Calgary hotel, Gorbachev spoke, sometimes wistfully, of times ranging from his future plan in history to his shattered belief in communism and his failure to find a spiritual substitute. Complaining, Gorbachev said that he has now concluded, "was a false utopia created by us which did not respect the proper development of people." Asked whether he now feels any religious affiliation, he replied, "I have not found one yet."

Gorbachev continues many of the characteristics of the good-natured, vigorous reformer who revolutionized global politics since coming to power eight years ago—and carries all of the signs of a political octogenarian. Often unshaved at home, he is fully at ease in North America where he is among friends and observes a steady joko and spontaneous repartee. An entrepreneur at a price that may, Western politicians will envy. With his congenitally soft smile, expressive gold Rolex watch and confident ability to discuss a range of topics, he could easily pass for a well-heeled Calgary oil industry executive. In his manner of speaking he became more conciliatory. When he first came to power in the mid-1980s, Moscow intellectuals used to privately mock his "peasant" speaking style that reflected his rural roots. Now,

Gorbachev arrives as Calgary's best week's a plumper, more reflective man who has put away old ideals, but has not yet discovered new ones

Gorbachev speaks more slowly and his speech is littered with such ambiguities as "intercessions." Last week's star tour was a whirlwind round of public appearances before sellout crowds. In sessions organized by the University of Calgary, Gorbachev was repeatedly deluged by markedly different audiences and well-prepared business executives asking his autograph. Even the crowds appeared uniform. The deeply conservative and free enterprise Calgary Sun newspaper had a front-page headline reading: "Welcome" in Russian on the day of Gorbachev's arrival. And the estimated one hundred journalists covering the visit abandoned their air of neutrality to join in standing ovations for him. Whether Gorbachev was clapping a cowboy hat at Calgary City Hall or breaking up with handshakes to shake hands with students, he behaved with equal aplomb.

Otherwise an expatriate slavishly at the service of his Gorbachev Foundation charity, the speeches and media events also served a more commercial function. The well-orchestrated tour keeps a Cold War icon's political broad-and-central holes. Western audiences, a practical strategy for a man soon to publish his memoirs of a rapidly fal-

ing period of history. But, as Winston Churchill discovered in Fulton, Missouri, in 1946 many people are still eager to hear the opinions of a former leader during turbulent times. And behind the public bravado and sedating soliloquy, Gorbachev makes little attempt to hide his dismay over the current troubles in Russia, or his desire for the man who succeeded him at the pinnacle of power, Russian President Boris Yeltsin.

In one speech, Gorbachev tore into Yeltsin as vaguely and rapidly that his remained. English-language translator, Pavel Polubotko, was unable to keep up with him long, after Gorbachev finished a two-minute-long denunciation of the Russian president, a belligerent Polubotko offered only that Yeltsin "appears not to understand the gravity of his shock therapy policies." And despite the fact that Yeltsin played a key role in ending the August, 1991 coup against Gorbachev's government, the last Communist leader blames none of his bitterness to anyone the man who later deposed him. Asked by MacLean's how Yeltsin will ultimately be judged, Gorbachev said earnestly, "He will need a more substantial body of achievement in order to be judged at all."

Still, history's verdict on Gorbachev's one-time ally is far from the topic that clearly preoccupies him these days. While in power, Gorbachev was repeatedly criticized for his slowness in implementing such key reforms as the right to own private businesses or to own private property. Last week, he showed a dash of regret for an opportunity lost. "It is true, in retrospect, that I might have used different tactics in timing and in making those changes," he conceded. But Gorbachev also displays a Nabatian determination to defend his record and his place in history. "I had to do everything all over again I would," he said, "to demonstrate applause from his University of Calgary audience. And he is most proud of the fact, he said, of "shaking hands with my country and the rye sharing the way our people live."

That the grey Soviet lifestyle was buried along with the Soviet Union is his which is undeniable. The Gorbachev and his entourage sometimes still appear somewhat poised between the lifestyles of the West and their own former traditions. Gorbachev and his translator, Polubotko, drink rifferishly with Western journalists and social culture. But some members in the entourage of his charitable group, The Gorbachev Foundation, are clearly less at home. Although Gorbachev has stopped easily into the habit of referring to his fellow Russians as *gospodar* or *Mister*, some of his aides still address each other as "sovietchi" or caricature-a boldfaced greeting from Communism days.

Back in Russia among the Communist old-timers, Gorbachev is clearly regarded as history's man. Only Western reporters pose the question about his prospects for a political comeback. In Moscow, where he

was the object of division among many Russians even when he was in office, more people would put the odds of his returning to power as only slightly better than those of Lenin. But Gorbachev himself bristles at suggestions that he is now far more popular outside his home country than within. When asked about his waning relevance in Russia, Gorbachev stiffened, narrowed his eyes and blotted the Russian media for that "biased" perception. Then he snapped, "I suggest you recheck that belief."

That was a rare cross moment in a tour that bordered on mutual



Greeting crowds with resolve in hand-delivered by increasingly difficult audiences and well-pressed business executives seeking his autograph

reference between Gorbachev and his hosts. This week, he will speak to sold-out lunch and dinner groups in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, and meet with Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. Some observers in Mulroney's office told him that it would be politically unwise to see Gorbachev so close to the April 3 and 4 summit meeting in Vancouver between Yeltsin and U.S. President Bill Clinton. But Mulroney, and prime secretary Mark Entwistle, "lets the world will sees this non-airing gratitude."

In Canada, Gorbachev appears certain to receive that recognition. And, although exhausted by a 14-hour series of flights and a 16-hour freebee between Moscow and Calgary, he continues to rise to the occasion. When the *Maclean's* interview ended, Gorbachev appeared to be instantly summoned when asked to remain for additional photographs. But his manner quickly changed as soon as the lenses were focused. Then, Gorbachev, who says he doesn't speak English, looked up at the camera, gave a wide smile and a perfect English doublet, "Cheeeeeeeeee!" Even after leaving the furthest of the world stage, Mikhail Gorbachev continues to be one of its most satisfying players.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH in Calgary

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POWER PLAY



**AFTER FIVE YEARS
ON THE SIDELINES,
POWER CORP. JOINS
CONRAD BLACK IN
TAKING A STAKE
IN SOUTHAM**

A bout 75 leading members of the Toronto investment community gathered in the gloomy oak-paneled dining room of the National Club on March 12. After a lunch of salami and flat bread, the group listened intently as the guest of honor, media magnate Conrad Black, began his presentation. He seemed enthusiastic over his most recent acquisition: a stake in Torontonian newspaper and magazine publisher Southam Inc. Later that afternoon, members from the brokerage firm that had organized the lunch, BMO Jenco Capital, called several of the major money managers who had attended and issued their interest in a possible \$270-million issue of Southam stock. The censors reported that the response was overwhelmingly positive. But just one week later, Southam abruptly changed its course. On March 16, it announced that it had received a sealed private placement of 15 million new shares with Montreal-based Power Corp. of Canada, which is controlled by the Desmarais family. Barry Gordon, an energy vice-president at BMO, said that although his firm had no deal—and about \$1 million in potential commission fees—Southam's decision was understandable. "Institutional investors have capital but they don't know how to run a business," Gordon said. "Paul Desmarais has sold publishing experience—and he's not much strapped for cash either."

Indeed, Power's \$10-billion long-term investment in Southam carries the risk of a remarkable display of corporate self-realism. In 1989, at the peak of the market, the holding company nobly sold its stakes in a pulp and paper company, Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. as well as two movie houses, Montreal Theatre Ltd. The cash proceeds of those



Desmarais. Desmarais Jr. left.
André (right) a better deal

sales came to \$1.8 billion, and, as the economic recession set in, it earned Power a significant annual investment income. It also meant Desmarais' personal fortune grew while his company's golden reputation as a shrewd businessman (Desmarais, who profits a low public profile, declined to be interviewed by *Maclean's*) did not.

But after five years of waiting on these formidable corporate lions, industry analysts say that Desmarais and his two chosen successors, son Paul Jr. and André, now trust more than they will have what it takes to succeed. True though the senior Desmarais has bought Southam shares at a price closer to their 12-week low, cutting a significantly better deal than Black, who paid \$18.30 a share, not everyone is convinced that the Desmarais family can keep the struggling publishing company with its restructuring. Others, however, have expressed outright disappointment in his choice. Said Terrence Fisher, a vice-president with Toronto-based investment dealer MacLean Bowes Capital Inc.: "The attitude out there is, 'We have been waiting five

years and this is it? It may turn out to be a big strategic investment—but that could take another three to five years to realize.'"

Clearly, Desmarais does not make any investments lightly—as far as the short term. According to senior Power officials, who spoke to *Maclean's* on condition of anonymity, the proposed deal is structured from several angles—excluding the target of a 25-per-cent return on investment. It must be a significant percentage of a company's assets

begin to accumulate shares in Canadian Pacific Ltd. of Montreal. In 1981, both CP management and federal regulators told him to back off. He also signed a 10-year standstill agreement, limiting Power's investment in the telecommunications to 15 per cent. Later in 1985, Desmarais filed in attempt to buy a long-distance service, Téléphone Canada Inc., as well as Montreal's largest French-language television station, Télé-Métropole. Finally, after the cause de déplacement of Quebec's provincial government moved investment away, Montreal-based First Canadian Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. with Duane Inc., Desmarais sold the company to Standard Casting Corp. of Chicago.

After that, Desmarais returned to Europe, where, through a 60-per-cent-owned subsidiary, Power Financial Corp., focused on building a presence in the financial services sector. In Canada, the company already controlled a blue-chip insurance company, Great West Life, and mutual fund manager Investors Group, both of Winnipeg. Power's only subsequent, and still unwise, foray, Jerry in North America, before the Southam investment, was the talk of a deal with US communications outfit then Telenor Inc. last summer.

For outside observers, the challenge of understanding Power's long-term strategic plan is further complicated by the family factor. The Desmarais family directly owns about 62 per cent of Power, and Paul Desmarais has made a determined attempt to structure the company so that his son can succeed him with minimal disruption. According to analyst Fisher: "With Power, you have to accept that the pace and the investment objectives will always be dictated by the family survival. You have to be willing to buy into that, to trust their judgment."

Already, the older son, Paul, 38, has assumed responsibility for Power's financial services investments in Europe as chairman of Power Financial and vice-chairman of Power Shell. He has moved to Paris to oversee that business, which includes a stake in a Geneva-based merchant bank, Pictet & Cie, and a piece of Paris-based Banque Paribas. For his part, André, 36, oversees the company's publishing and broadcast operations, which include the ownership of North America's largest French-language daily newspaper, *Le Journal*, as well as three other Quebec dailies, 12 radio stations and three television stations in Ontario and Quebec. He became president and chief operating officer of Power in 1991.

The senior Desmarais has said that he is deliberately creating two separate business and geographic spheres for his sons to avoid a potentially divisive power struggle, as well as ease the next generation's transition to

standing shares and include a seat on the board of directors, and it must be in a sector with which Power management is familiar. These include publishing, financial services or pulp and paper. Above all, any transaction must conclude on friendly terms with existing management—a factor that some analysts say cleared Power's path into Southam. Said one Power official: "For five years, we have been told that we have missed the window of opportunity to invest. You have to be impervious to such pressure from Bay Street."

Still, Power officials concede that they are essentially close-lipped about the company's long-term strategic objectives. "Our strategy is to be in the race," said one executive. "And that's the challenge in telegraphing our priorities." Such reticence may also be based on Desmarais' long record of thwarted deals. Starting with his earliest business venture, a Sudbury, Ont., bus service that he revised in the 1960s and eventually expanded into the Yonge-Colonial line, Desmarais' expansion into US and western Canadian markets was blocked by rival Greyhound Lines Inc.

After his \$15-million bid to take over Argus Corp. was blocked by the chairman

(John McLaughlin in 1985), Desmarais

began to accumulate shares in Canadian Pacific Ltd. of Montreal. In 1981, both CP management and federal regulators told him to back off. He also signed a 10-year standstill agreement, limiting Power's investment in the telecommunications to 15 per cent. Later in 1985, Desmarais filed in attempt to buy a long-distance service, Téléphone Canada Inc., as well as Montreal's largest French-language television station, Télé-Métropole. Finally, after the cause de déplacement of Quebec's provincial government moved investment away, Montreal-based First Canadian Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. with Duane Inc., Desmarais sold the company to Standard Casting Corp. of Chicago.

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Business Notes

NAME NAMES CEO

International Business Machines Corp. of Armonk, N.Y., announced that Louis Gerstner, currently chairman and chief executive officer of U.S.-based Hollings Corp., has been appointed as chief executive officer. Gerstner, 51, replaces John Akers, who stepped down in January following the announcement of the firm's record \$6.8-billion loss in 1990 and a subsequent 20-per-cent dividend. Gerstner is the first ex-employee from outside the industry to lead the world's largest computer manufacturer. As *Maclean's* has previously reported, Gerstner had led the troubled unit of American Express Co. Previously, he was a senior partner at New York management consulting firms McKinsey & Co.

CANADIAN BOND BONANZA

Statistics Canada says that the net purchase value of Canadian securities by foreign investors soared to a record \$6 billion in January. The amount surpassed the previous peak of \$5.6 billion in October, 1991. Much of that foreign investment was in Canadian bonds, with a small portion going to Canadian stocks. Combined with December's figure, January's brought the two-month net foreign investment to nearly \$30 billion. Statistics Canada described that as "a major turnaround from the anemicity which prevailed between August and November, 1992, when net exports deviated \$2.4 billion from Canadian securities."

SHRINKING SHIELD

The president of National Life Ltd. died for bankruptcy protection, saying the charter airline has cash-flow and image problems. Robert Oberlin also said that the Montreal-based airline will continue to operate at a loss. About 1,000 aircrew members had to be restrained with court order while Nationalair restructured its \$85-million debt. \$60 million aircraft owned by Nationalair were seized last Friday for repayment if debts by local airport officials. Oberlin said that Nationalair plans to appeal that action.

A LABATT WINDDOWN LOOMS

John Labatt Ltd. of Toronto estimates that it will lose \$100 million in the planned sale of its US dairy assets. Labatt's board of directors has now approved the sale of Johnson Dairy in the United States, and discussions with possible buyers are underway. Labatt is also proceeding with the spin-off of Andl Foods, its Canadian dairy business. Shareholders will vote on the plan at a special meeting that will be held April 26.

management of Power, Desmarais retains a full cast of experienced corporate leaguers, including John Rae, brother of Ontario Premier Bob Rae. Among the directors of the corporation are former Ontario premier Charles Boleson, former Ontario lieutenant governor John Ard, Senator Michael Field and former chairman of Imperial Oil Ltd. Andrea Heyes.

It remains to be seen, however, whether the second round will display the same brilliance as their father in building and es-

equally impressive. André Desmarais is married to Franco Charron, daughter of federal Liberal Leader Jean Chrétien. During the Liberal party leadership race in 1993, Chrétien tapped Power's John Rae as his campaign chairman. Desmarais also played Paul Martin Jr., son of another Liberal stalwart and a one-time Liberal leadership candidate himself. Desmarais is also a friend of former Liberal prime minister Pierre Trudeau and they went to the Soviet Union together in 1986.

Just as Desmarais contributes money to all

Demarais made his offer to Southern's board of directors, he and Black concluded a private side agreement that establishes their voting party on Southern's board and sets out other conditions including first right of refusal on one another's equity holdings. Southern president William Arrell told Maclean's that he is not threatened by the alliance between shareholders who now jointly control about 26 per cent of Southern's stock. "They have the right to make such deals," he said. "It has no impact on us." Instead, he said that he welcomed the publishing expertise of both new investors. Still, he added that Power's offer "was extremely unsolicited. It came out of the blue."

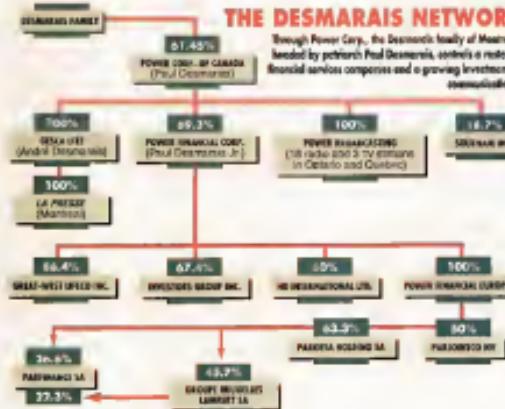
In fact, Power's investment in Southern is consistent with Canadian corporate history. In July 1995, insurance magnate David Black was able to purchase a controlling interest in Southern. At that time, Desmarais was flush with cash from the recent sale of his stake in Canadian Pacific. Black had just purchased his first holding in the Daily Telegraph PLC at London and Southern had no single investor with more than 10 per cent of its stock.

Right out of a possible takeover campaign can arises in the Southern family's decision to deliver a 25-per-cent block of stock into the friendly hands of Tantar Corp. in a controlled share exchange. Last November, however, Black finally acquired Tantar Corp. for \$25 million. Donald Thain, a management professor at the University of Western Ontario in London, noted: "The cause of Canadian business is that it is dominated by such central players. The same assets just get passed around between them."

Concerns about the close ties between the principal participants in the Southern deal are not widely shared—in least in business circles. In fact, Vancouver investment counsel Mr. Miller Wong says that he welcomes the current post-election climate of "creative destruction" in Canadian corporate circles. Adds Toronto-based money manager Jim Gladstone: "Guys like Black and Desmarais may look crazy, but the alternative is entities creating nothing companies forever. They're a huge improvement." But unless Black and Desmarais can make their new corporate alliance work, and turn Southern around, concerns may start to look good again.

THE DESMARAIIS NETWORK

Through Power Corp., the Desmarais family of Montreal, headed by patriarch Paul Desmarais, controls a roster of financial services companies and a growing investment in telecommunications.



tailoring such key business and political connections. Indeed, even a cursory glance at Desmarais's circle reinforces the frequent criticism that the control of Canada is concentrated in the hands of a chosen few who pass major corporate assets back and forth among themselves.

Desmarais, the son of a lawyer, grew up in Sudbury with his father and realtor Robert Campeau. Power can control Campeau Corp. from 1993 until 2002 and half of Desmarais's sons worked there before joining Power. Paul Jr. and André also worked at packaged food giant Standard Brands Ltd. when the flamboyant Ross Johnson was its Canadian president. Johnson has been on Power's board of directors since 1988. In the 1980s, Paul Jr. also worked in the corporate finance department at investment dealer Richardson Greenhorns of Canada Ltd., which is part of the corporate empire controlled by the Richardson family of Whitby.

On the political front, the Power ties are

thoroughly political parties. He has also acquired some powerful Progressive Conservative links. In his days as a Montreal lawyer, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney counted Power among his clients. When Mulroney ran for the leadership of the Conservative party in 1996, Desmarais contributed \$10,000 to his campaign fund. Similarly, the Desmarais family donated \$10,000, or 30 per cent of the public donations, to Mulroney's Yes campaign during last year's constitutional referendum.

It was Mulroney who originally introduced Desmarais and Black in 1978 at Black's annual Hollinger party dinner in Toronto. Three years earlier, Desmarais had unsuccessfully attempted a takeover of Argus Corp., which, by then, Black had successfully acquired.

The two later struck a deal that resulted

Desmarais to sell his remaining shares in Argus to Black without receiving a cent. They are also neighbours in Palm Beach, Fla.

It was in Palm Beach that Desmarais and Black negotiated the Southern deal. Before

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Black offering skeptical minority shareholders a money-back guarantee

Defending a deal

Conrad Black focuses on an opportunity, not a risk

Conrad Black gets a little noisy sometimes when he is asked to explain his business decisions. But the loquacious tycoon is never at a loss for words. Last week, Black was vacationing in the exclusive Florida resort town of Palm Beach. But he was also spending a lot of time telephoning London and Toronto, the home bases for his British and North American newspaper empires. There's little big deal had created some confusion in financial circles. On April 15, Black's holding company, Hollinger Inc., is due to pay back \$188 million that it borrowed last November from Torstar Corp., publisher of *The Toronto Star*, to buy Torstar's 32.5-percent stake in Southam Inc., Canada's largest newspaper chain. But to do so, Black wants to tap into the hefty cash reserves at London's venerable Daily Telegraph newspaper 60 percent owned by Hollinger. As well, last month, Black formed a voting alliance on Southam's board of directors with Montreal financier Paul Desmarais, who bought an 18.75-percent stake in Southam on March 19. Last week, financial analysts and minority shareholders both sides of the Atlantic questioned the merits of the deals. But in the end, Black told *Maclean's* that "the bottom

line is that 'Everyone is going to get a nice split-slip return on the stock price.'

At first glance, Black's arrangements with Torstar, Southam, the Telegraph and Desmarais are confusing. He goes, however, is clear. Because Southam has no single major shareholder, it is a tempting takeover target. But the descendants of William Southam, who founded the company in 1883, still wield considerable influence on the company's board of directors, which has rejected several legal defenses in recent years designed to thwart a takeover. The most formidable is a shareholder rights provision, or so-called "poison pill," passed by the board in May, 1990, which required anyone seeking to acquire more than 20 per cent of the company's shares to make an offer for all of them—a highly expensive proposition that last week Black and he and Desmarais had cracked those defenses and cost them the "death of a thousand cuts."

Still, in his bid to overturn the poison pill, Black has created some obstacles for himself. Hollinger paid \$229 million in November for Torstar's stake in Southam, which was exempted from the 20-per-cent rule in the poison-pill provision. Black agreed to pay \$188.16 a share, 15 per cent above the market price, to buy the big block

in one fell swoop. Hollinger put down \$70 million in cash and borrowed the rest of the money from Torstar until Black said that he did that for two reasons. First, he claimed that *Zacks* Telegraph directors wanted that newspaper to buy some of the Southam shares immediately, but required the approval of minority shareholders to do so—a time-consuming process. As well, Black said that by borrowing from Torstar rather than a bank, he understood a provision in the Ontario Securities Act that might have forced him to bid for all of Southam's shares.

Last week, however, *Torstar* president David Jolley disputed some of Black's recollections. Jolley told *The Canadian Press* that *Torstar* loaned Hollinger the money "because they couldn't borrow it." For his part, Black now proposes to repay the loan by buying *The Daily Telegraph* 50 per cent of the former Torstar block of Southam shares for \$38.10 apiece.

But in London last week, since *Telegraph* minority shareholders voted to let the newspaper slash its price to each for Southam shares after *Desmarais* bought his for \$14. The minority shareholders will vote on the offer on April 15. For his part, Black is in a position to offer an alternative Southam that he has promised that the *Telegraph* can sell its shares back to Hollinger at any time over the next year for \$68.10 each. Said Black: "The stock should go like a rocket."

In addition to their share purchases, Black and Desmarais agreed earlier last month to support each other's nominees on Southam's board of directors, and to offer one another the first option to buy their respective shares if either decides to sell. Each tycoon controls three seats on the 16-member board. At last, Black said that the last remnant of the poison pill, which prevents the two tycoons from increasing their combined stake in Southam above 47 per cent, will expire in two years.

To some shareholder-rights activists, Black's positive dealings are cause for concern. Many Southam shareholders have long been worried about a so-called "striping takeover" of their company, in which a buyer might gain control through deals with individual shareholders, rather than bidding for shares on the open market. That open bidding gives all shareholders a chance to benefit from any markup in share prices caused by a takeover battle. Black argues that "What's in the shareholder's best interest is turning the company around, not continued precious about takeovers." And to win over any skeptics, he is determined to push Southam's finances firmly into the black.

JOHN DAILY

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Time Warner's gambit

Sports Illustrated challenges Ottawa

The reception at Toronto's ornate Four Seasons Hotel was a treat through the Canadian magazine industry. Sports Illustrated, the New York-based weekly, had invited representatives from the country's major advertisers to promote the magazine's first Canadian edition. The video presentation on Jan. 21 was part of a sales effort that generated 30 pages of ads in Sports Illustrated Canada, whose first edition was due on newsstands this week. But the first edition could also be the last. In January, Revenue Minister Otto Johann sent a letter to Time Warner Inc., the media and entertainment conglomerate that owns Sports Illustrated, warning that the firm could be violating Canadian tariff laws. Said Johann: "We may have to seize the next four issues coming into this country." Last week, Infrastrucutre and Communications Minister Perrin Beatty also announced that they had established a task force to examine how to protect the Canadian magazine industry from unfair competition. Addon Berry, "The government wants to ensure that the policy frame-

work that fostered that industry is effective." The decision to launch Sports Illustrated Canada, which Time Warner says will be Canadian because it will be printed in Canada and have a certain amount of Canadian and international editorial copy produced by the parent magazine in New York, is a major test of current federal law. In 1989, the Liberal government amended the Canadian Content Tariff Code to keep so-called soft-line editions of foreign magazines out of Canada. As well, the cost of advertising in foreign publications could no longer be claimed as a business expense. However, special "Canadian" editions of Time and Reader's Digest were exempt.

Previously, foreign publications, mainly American, with little Canadian content, could simply insert Canadian advertisements into their magazines and distribute them in this country without producing Canadian editorial material. In 1993 the Canadian industry received additional protection under Bill C-68, which Time lost in Canadian status. But last week, Catherine Kieschke, executive director

of the Toronto-based Canadian Magazine Publishers Association, said that Sports Illustrated's attempt to launch a separate edition in Canada demonstrates the need to toughen the law even further. And Beatty said that the task force will examine ways to update the legislation to prevent editions.

Meanwhile, Sports Illustrated editors in New York last week were preparing the first Canadian edition. The first cover story, led story in Sports Illustrated Canada will feature a freelance article on Toronto Blue Jays manager Cito Gaston, said Sandra Berry, Toronto-based managing director of Time Canada. And although she would not disclose the amount of Canadian content in the whole magazine, she added that five subregional Canadian issues due to run in 1993 will also carry more Canadian content. Said Berry: "We want to give our readers more information on Canadian sports."

Berry said that one of the reasons Time Warner decided to launch the magazine is because apparent that there was a great desire on the part of Canadians to read more about



Berry: more information on Canadian sports

international sales jumped from 7,000 to 40,000 copies last the issue. Following the Blue Jays' victory in the 1992 World Series at October, "It became apparent that there was a great desire on the part of Canadians to read more about

their own teams," said Berry.

As well as claiming that the Canadian content of Sports Illustrated Canada exceeds 8 from the provisions of the Bill C-68 and new legislation, Time Warner points to its decision to have its editorial team in Canada as a justification for launching a Toronto printing plant. The company now plans that with a Canadian edition of Time magazine. And Beatty points out that since Time Warner has established the same system for Sports Illustrated Canada, it could easily continue using it for the regular U.S. edition. That would make it impossible for the federal government to regulate to eliminate because audiences would effectively be unable to interpret the transmission of pages. Said James Warrilow, president of Maclean-Hunter Canadian Publishing, which publishes Maclean's: "We already have Time taking millions out of that market and sending it down to New York."

Other Canadian publishing executives say that Sports Illustrated Canada is solving even a thorny question of whether the magazine's actual cost of production.

Warrilow added that if Sports Illustrated is stopped, a number of other U.S. publications could also start selling their magazines in Canada. There only real commitment is Canada, he said, would be in foul-mouthed writing. "To be a Canadian magazine you launch a magazine here, and have management and editorial offices," said Warrilow. "But that is not what Sports Illustrated does."

Johnston said that even if the first edition of Sports Illustrated does not break any Canadian laws, the government does not intend to let the matter die. A task force is needed, he said, because neither the postal service nor Bell CDP is equipped to deal with such advances in satellite printing technology. "The government will review the whole policy," said Johnston. "We are not going to let Time Warner run over our laws." The Sports Illustrated issue will clearly be a major test of that expression of resolve.

TOM PENNELL

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Allan Taylor's deal of the century

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Last week's takeover of Royal Trust by the Royal Bank ended just the recent toruous career of what was once the country's largest and most profitable trust company, but marked the death knell of Canada's once-trust industry—a formerly powerful group of financial institutions that provided alternative sources of funding to the Big Banks.

The chartered banks have now sat up and succeeded at maintaining competitiveness by the trust companies, but in the past decade they have come up with many significant stock offerings from the country. Last year were granted a license to buy and grab Canada's insurance firms. Once every Canadian's nose-bleeding money institution, they are now very close to being a financial services monopoly, with unassailable veto power over who gets credit and who doesn't. The only two major trust companies still remaining in the mix are Canada Trust and Montreal Trust. The latter is for sale and will soon be snapped up by one of the other banks, the former has dissolved its trust arm if you can't beat 'em, "and plan to apply for new status as a Schedule A bank."

The downfall of Royal Trust was yet another example of how Jack Cockwell, the grand manipulator of the Bronfman empire, managed to outmaneuver himself. The company's ultimate success has been in finance, its rise, during back to 1981 when it was acquired by the Edgar group through Trilby, one of its chief holding companies. The ever-shy Royal Trust expanded so fast that its most easily function turned it into a giant money machine, proudly carrying the same top-quality credit rating as New York's J. P. Morgan Bank. In one of the typical growth years, 1986, its net income, at \$14 million, leaped a stunning 36 per cent. But then it became ensnared in Cockwell's boozecamps, expanded all too fast in its efforts to go international, and lost its way.

Michael Corahshane, the South African ac-

If the Bronfmans had not sold Royal Trust, its collapse would have triggered the worst crisis in Canadian financial history

cumant who led Royal Trust to its greatest triumphs and its worst handiwork, once told me that his firm would always beat the banks at their own game. "They very site defects them," he boasted. "It takes so long to get by their many levels of approval that opportunities pass them by. Their style of management worked for the army and the church, but it's out-of-date in this technology-driven age."

Magie, but it was Allan Taylor of the Royal Bank, not Cockwell or Royal Trust, who walked away the wagons last week. The other winners were the Royal Trust executives negotiating with the firm, who had an estimated \$80 million in loans forgivable by the Royal Bank. This was the money they borrowed to take up the Royal Trust stock options that were supposed to make up for their low salaries under the Cockwell regime. Karrenstein, who resigned last fall after making a fool of himself by parading around a company office party wearing a pair of padded peacock breasts, will not be one of the lucky ones.)

The Royal Bank paid \$1.6 billion to acquire Royal Trust's prior assets, including its North American and British fiduciary operations, its large estate fund operations (with assets of

\$9.7 billion) plus its 146 Canadian branches. In the process, the bank accepted the trust company's relatively modest operating liabilities, but turned back to the investment holding company that formerly controlled Royal Trust but only its large liabilities for the form of debentures and outstanding preferred shares but the bulk of its dubious assets. They consist mainly of \$4.3 billion worth of loans with variable interest, mainly in the following fields of urban real estate. At least a quarter of these loans are nonperforming and more are sure to follow. As usual, the stock market pronounced the true verdict on the deal: on the day it was announced, Royal Trust shares lost 20 per cent of their value. They are now unlikely to bring penny stocks, three years ago, they were worth \$30.

The best news about the deal is that, unlike the Central Canadian Trust debacle, Royal Trust depositors have been protected without any need for government intervention. The hit that the Bronfman empire has suffered with the collapse and subsequent sale of Royal Trust is difficult to exaggerate. If the Bronfmans had not sold Royal Trust, its collapse would have triggered the worst crisis in Canadian financial history.

All that's now left is the Edgar empire which can be turned over to London Life. It's not likely controlled by Trilby, when all is said & done, 60 per cent of Royal Trust's common shares share the fate of the \$4.3 billion worth left. This means that London Life will almost certainly have to be sold, and that the Bronfmans will get almost no cash for it. Trilby and Bronfman, the other Edgar companies are not so well off financially though that there is only one chairman whose remaining is the stable Nedra Mace.

Nobody can be sure how much Nedra is worth because in typical Cockwell fashion, it's buried under at least five layers of holding companies. But at least its assets are real, its debt position is extremely manageable and it has managed to maintain a slice of corporate leadership independent of Cockwell's pervasive influence.

The only individual who emerges from last week's deal with any glory is Taylor, who has only got Royal Trust for nothing. He grabbed control of the largest pool of managed assets in the country—the more than \$20 billion in individual estates and other funds that Royal Trust has under its administration. Normally, such a treasure trove would be worth between \$2 billion and \$3 billion, but the Royal Bank chairman got it free because the \$1.6 billion he paid Royal Trust is being returned to the Royal Bank, with Royal Trust agreeing to buy back the univerable assets that the Royal Bank did not want. These questionable loans are now the responsibility of the Bronfman holding company that used to own Royal Trust. Consequently, the new Royal Trust will be much more profitable than the old one, because it won't have to pay the heavy interest charges on its previously horrendous debt load, while it can spread its overhead over bottlenecks.

All in all, it was the deal of the century.

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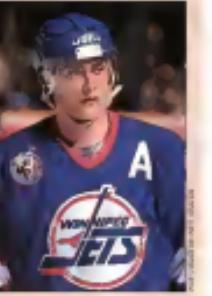


BREAKING THE CODE

Sam Giancana is a soft-spoken, well-dressed man of 38—and the nephew of one of the most influential crime figures in U.S. history. Last year, in cooperation with father Chuck, Giancana wrote *Double Cross*, a tell-all best-seller about Chicago gangster Sam [Moe] Giancana. In a dimly lit Toronto dinner recently, the younger Giancana said that he does not live in fear of reprisals for violating the Mafia's code of silence, adding that his uncle's reign is "water under the bridge" for modern organized crime. Still, Giancana uses an assumed name. And when asked where he currently lives, he replied: "I'd rather not say."

Rookie with a record

With two goals and an assist against the Toronto Maple Leafs on March 25, rookie Winnipeg Jets right-winger Terence Selanne broke his second rest record in three weeks. On March 2, against the Quebec Nordiques, he scored his 25th goal, shattering Mike Bossy's 1980 rookie mark. And in last week's game against the Leafs, the modest, 29-year-old got his 11th point of the season, another record for a rookie. The problem is, the Jets lost both games—a misfortune that prompted Jets president Barry Shabankar, whose son is fourth place in the Smythe Division, to tell a 25-year-old star: "No more records, OK?"



Selanne: But who really wins?

Notes from the Bad Lieutenant

Critics have hated Harvey Keitel's performance as a drug-addicted, corrupt policeman in director Abel Ferrara's *Bad Lieutenant*—as the best—and most courageous—of his three-decade screen career. But the 53-year-old actor, known for his work in *Martin Scorsese's* *The Last Temptation of Christ* (1988) and in last year's晦暗的 *Possessor*, doesn't have much time for praise. "The point is that I did it," the native New Yorker told *Newsweek*. "That's the work I do and I like it." Pouting, he added: "The way I see things, the way I see the life, I see it as a struggle. And there's a great deal of reward I have gained in coming to that understanding—that existence is a struggle."

Bad Lieutenant, the movie, has had strug-



Keitel: "a more realistic approach"



Albingen: the importance of privacy

WOMAN OF MYSTERY

"She迷uses you with her mystery," says French designer Christian Lacroix of his fall/winter new model, Susanna Albingen. And the Montreal-born beauty, a regular in Lacroix's Paris fashion shows, clearly likes to maintain that air of secrecy—by remaining discreet about the details of her life off the runway. "It's very important in this business to keep your privacy," says Albingen. "I only work for people I like, and I don't want to stress myself. That way, I can have a personal life." Roger has it that her personal life includes a relationship with Prince Albert of Monaco. That, of course, Albingen will not discuss.

SPORTS WATCH



Must the game go on—and on and on?

BY TRENT FRAYNE

On the scene in Atlanta, it was Canada's notable writer of baseball fiction who observed during the World Series last October that there is a gratifying familiarity to the grand old game. John Gutfreund noted that Ken Griffey Jr., who wrote the book *Steal Home* for that Kevin Costner movie (in a bit racy, "If you build it, he will come"), was striding around the ball yard looking, as colleague Dave Kindred wrote, "like Buffalo Bill" (his hair long, wild yellow; his mustache tipped in right teeth). And what W.F. had to say about base ball was this: "The 'No clock' says it's over. We might play forever, a hundred innings, a thousand. A hundredness and a lovely infinity. The game invites math, even demands it to fill the drowsy gaps."

Well, that was then but this is now, and what the people who play baseball are saying now is that the invincibility has got to stop, that the drowsy gaps have got to be stopped, that watching baseball just isn't that fun, that a baseball game, right up to the point, takes too damned long to get itself over with. Brian Cashman, general manager of the Bronx Bombers, has declared an emergency. "We've got to do something," he says. "We can't just sit there and let the game go on and on and on."

One of the more damning indictments of baseball arrived on TV screens last fall, as the Atlanta Braves were marking their way toward the World Series. The team's owner, Ted Turner, and his wife, Jane Fonda, were caught adding oil between innings during a National League playoff game with Pittsburgh.

There is no question about it, ball games take longer to play than they used to. In 1974, American League games averaged two hours and 26 minutes. Last season, they were two hours and 25 minutes. National League games averaged two hours and 45 minutes last year, 24 minutes longer than in 1976

bands)—were unknown). Maniac did nothing but crash in the batter's box and wave his bat menacingly at the pitcher.

Nowdays, doing nothing but evading the ball is unthinkable. For instance, when Toronto catcher Pat Borders is hitting home runs at his bat, his athletic supporters, carefully unsnapping each batting glove, gingerly grasp each one tightly and slowly rotate it. It quickly fires a stream of juice and then goes back into the batter's box and waves his hand.

There are other time-consuming and possibly unnecessary moments in modern ball games. Catchers wait the mound frequently to confer with strapping pitchers, and pitchng coaches make the long slow journey to the mound for the sole purpose those managers report averting themselves in which the pitching coach serves, says "Three strikes" turns to the dugout and plods back. On the other hand, pitchers can pause for an instant, cutting one pitch in half, and, after running the bases to a dead stop, continue the race to a subsequent identical pitch in full, often running the bases to a dead stop again.

Critics of even lengthening ball games claim that many of these time-consuming motions could be eliminated or at least cut down. Toronto's Pat Gillick would like to see double-second round ball bats. "Let's have a 28-second clock on the pitcher's mound and a 16-second clock on the bases," he says. "It'll take the time between innings," he suggests. And then there is a minority of people declining your offer who wonder whether Harry Houdini is a game of quick-building trivision, or slowly developing ambidextrous baseball, unlike Houdini, is not a hang-hang game (a cold cold climate). The fact that people leave early is largely incomprehensible, because a lot of people who go to games like the surroundings, the atmosphere, the baseball, and don't need to sit through the bottom of the ninth inning to be satisfied. There are all those games each season, some few don't mind missing an occasional out.

Tommy Lasorda, the Los Angeles manager, has a theory that the only people who want shorter ball games are turkeys and ants. "They just want to get it over with so they can put their feet back up," the peppy talk follows just prior to a recent exhibition game in Tampa. "Sportswriters are always going 'if the game is too long, but you don't like the fans complaining.' Baseball is entertainment. It's like the movies. It's a long movie, let me tell you about, but it's a good one, like *Angie Gore* with the Brad, four hours and enough. You can bet that nobody turned off the TV early the night the Blue Jays won the World Series. And that game went better than four hours, right?"

One of the American League surprises, Mike Kelly, was asked if he had a suggestion for speeding up ball games. "Sure do," replied Mike. "OK, what is it?" "Severing joints," snorted the older. And in that reply was shaking in, he added, "Severing joints and taking shorter."

A TIME TO PLAY

Spring training is supposed to be baseball's happiest season. Working out in the warm, breezy atmosphere of tiny perfect ball parks in Florida and Arizona, the players begin anew in the sunny glow of world thinking; their smiles clean and their ball playing more sincere, stretching and chattering around them. Spring training is not supposed to be about tragedy. It is not supposed to include stories of young men with families and bright futures running their fishing boat like a dock at Little Lake Nellie in central Florida. The deadliest week of Cleveland Indians pitchers Steve Oka, 37, and Tim Crews, 31, cast a sudden pall over the game and made hunting aces and daylight percentages pale to insignificance. "It put things in perspective for all of us," said Blue Jay outfielder Joe Carter, a former teammate of Oka. "We got three 'Ws' of our own, so something like that really hits home."

At such a trying time, the players seemed to take comfort from the soothing rhythms of baseball itself. That sentiment was echoed by fans in major-league cities across North America, many still shivering in the cold and snow, and weary of amateur developments. Over the winter, baseball team owners openly considered a lockout of players as the collective bargaining agreement neared its expiration, and they worried aloud about the financial health of the game. Among other things, the four-year U.S. network television contract that pays each team about \$14 million per season ends later this year. Still, the wallet-heavy owners awarded a multimillion-dollar contract to the game's stars—and even to some of their everyday players.

They also granted one of their own, Marge Schott, owner of the Cincinnati Reds, was harassed from baseball for a year for making racist comments. She parted just before the league summoned back George Steinbrenner, the meddling managing partner of the New York Yankees, who had served a 28-game ban for conniving with a known gambler. Then the federal weather was in an energy mood. Midway through spring, a vicious late-winter storm that left more than 100 eastern residents of 50 regions in Florida, Georgia, hundreds of people homeless and forced the cancellation of many exhibition games.

Now work, with controversy and tragedy in it, marks every baseball begins for

BLUE JAY AND EXPO FANS HAVE AMPLE REASON TO DREAM OF AN ALL-CANADIAN WORLD SERIES

real fans in Toronto will have to haggle first the world champion Blue Jays, much abuzz in the off-season, lose their last baseball in Florida. Montreal fans will hope that the young and talented Expos carry face fair spring performance into the regular season in the heated pennant race; last year, there was a short, sweet time when Canadian fans dreamed the impossible dream of an all-Canadian World Series. A recent tour of agency training sites suggests that, this year, vagueness of both Canadian teams may ample reason to hope that the weather of spring will become the wonders of autumn.

THE BLUE JAYS

Fans who invested record levels of spring cashes on the Toronto team last year should have spent the off-season basking in the reflected glory of their Series triumph. They did not. Almost before the crowd's dispersal from the victory parade route, the original personnel began to leave. Jim O'Brien, a coach originally brought in to be the team's fifth starter, has had a mediocre spring and now campaigns with a replacement. Al Lohr, a lefty known more for a hissing finger than for getting bottom run, and it remains to be seen whether talented but fugitive Dennis Bell can successfully replace McDonald in left.

The Jays, however, have a calming club house presence in their manager, the off-handed Cito Gaston. Played last season by the hands of open-mindedness, Bell, Gaston has emerged with a Series triumph and a new two-year contract. And the evergreen Texas seems unperturbed by the changing faces in this year's team picture. "Since 1990, when I started managing the club, we have almost had a different makeup going into each season," he says. "So you have to manage differently according to your strengths."

The starting turnover, however, has not cooled fans' passion for the Jays. Autograph bands serve as early as 8 a.m. at Grant Field in Dunedin, the team's Florida base, which nearly sells out its

6,200 seats for every spring game. Many waited through the recent spell of cold and rainy mornings in the hopes of getting a Molitor or a Roberto Alomar signature on a card, ball or program. At Dunedin, the players do not seem as remote as they do in Toronto's vast concrete SlipDome. The Grant Field seats are as close to the action that spectators can listen to the warm-up batter, full of the trash talk that athletes toss in each other's faces like a verbal fire fight. And the team's ability to draw a crowd follows if on the road. On a miserable day in Sarasota recently, a nearly all-rookie Jay lineup attracted a sell-out crowd for a game against the Chicago White Sox.

But there remains a sense of unease. Fans want to see the Jays repeat as Series champions, and are not impressed by the blue boys' dismal record in Grapefruit League play. Right-hander Stewart, a notorious slow starter, was shackled in two recent spring starts. Ed Sprague, though improving at that base, has not made people forget the middle-finger of injury-prone Whistler, a much-fighter who failed to hit .271. Hooters, the young right-hander originally brought in to be the team's fifth starter, has had a mediocre spring and now campaigns with a replacement. Al Lohr, a lefty known more for a hissing finger than for getting bottom run, and it remains to be seen whether talented but fugitive Dennis Bell can successfully replace McDonald in left.

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Stewart: the starting turnover has not cooled fans' passion for the Jays

In 1995, those strengths appear to be seen and team helping manager Molitor, a veteran of the Milwaukee Brewers, his 320 last season and strike 30 bases. He will bat third behind speedsters Devon White and Alomar, and ahead of slugger Carter, whose prolific run production earned him a three-year \$39.5-million contract. In the rotation and joint clubhouse atmosphere in Dunedin, Carter is the leadoff catalyst, whether he is mopping White up in the door-lining cage or calling out results in the team's NBA basketball pool. "Our goal is to go out there and do what we did last year," Carter said in a more serious mode. "We are still focused, even though we haven't had a good spring. Come the

beginning of the season, though, we'll be right from."

The biggest concern in Dunedin are starting pitching and the infusion of youth into a veteran line. Stewart, 36, replaces one of the two departed starters, Dove and Key, and while rookies test Steinbrenner suggested that the team was attempting to trade for another pitcher, Gaston said that he was comfortable going with the current names. Mike Thiotte, 37, who assumed the set-up role in the bullpen when Dennis Ward took Hooters' place as the closer, said that the young players will help each other improve. "It's going to be exciting to see the guys I came up with make it at the major-league level," he said. "It's great to see them doing well." Bill Gaston admitted that

there were some worries. "We do have a few things to sort out, more so this year than in any other year that I've been here," he said. "It should be interesting."

THE EXPOS

Hooters can take the show off a baseball diamond. Below a recent Grapefruit League contest in West Palm Beach, a platoon of relay-pushing groundkeepers relocated the word of the public from the grass playing surface to the sidewalk. But players still had to trudge several feet each time to find solid ground. The game would probably have been called, but there was nearly a full house at 7,500-seat Municipal Stadium, so with the teams that many experts predict will meet in next October's National League

Championship Series—the Expos and the Atlanta Braves—in the two rounds, loaded with young talent. Old-timers like starter Dennis Martinez drafted new Braves and Greg Maddux to a standstill, and the game was tied 1-1 in the 10th inning when the rain finally stopped the proceedings.

As a franchise, the small-market Expos operate with a careful eye to the storms on baseball's horizon. They have endowed the

salaries based solely on productivity. "That's why Sean Berry and Fredi Bolek are here," says general manager Steve Dalkowski. "The starters Dennis Martinez drafted new Braves and Greg Maddux to a standstill, and the game was tied 1-1 in the 10th inning when the rain finally stopped the proceedings."

That hard-nosed approach based some players' feelings during contract negotiations. Stenhouse was able to sign most play-

ers at West Palm. The players who remain include right-hander Larry Walker, a 1989 All-star from Maple Ridge, B.C., who joins Graveman and Alou as the best young outfielder in the game. They are fast, solid defensively and, most important, have an aggressive "We're only one way to go with a young club"—nothing negative, being fearless, having fun, being ready for me and my type of baseball," he said. "We use all the resources we have, offensive and defensive."

The Expos will indeed be young when they open the season April 5 in Cincinnati. Aside from Martinez, 25, pitcher-hitter Franklin Stittas, 32, and recently acquired first baseman Jack Clark, 37, they are all 20-something. Calderon will be replaced by Moises Alou, whose fine play last season showed that he was ready for full-time work. O'Brien's place at shortstop has been inherited by 25-year-old Wil Cordero, who in training camp has worked well with 26-year-old second baseman Delino DeShields.

Six weeks into spring training, the players seem convinced that the loss of veterans has not hurt the team. "We were all a little concerned at the beginning about the fact that a lot of rookies would be making the club," Walker said before a recent game. "But now, it's clear that they can do the job." Nevertheless, manager Alou clearly wants to dampen any expectation of a division title. In the NL East, the Expos are softly seen as the best of an uninteresting lot. The only team to finish ahead of them in 1992, Pittsburgh, lost many tried-and-true players, including outfielder Barry Bonds and pitchers Doug Drabek, to free agency last winter. "Last year, we were given up for dead," says the team's manager. "Alou said, 'This year, don't think we can win. How can we be picked last one year and first the next?' Either we've gotta make a mistake last year, or they made a mistake this year?"

By the glint in his eye, Alou seemed to know the answer to that one.

Fogart has still have to wait until April 13 to get a first-hand look at them at Montreal's Olympic Stadium. The Jays, meanwhile, will finally get their World Series rings at their home opener on April 9. But the moment will be bittersweet. The Jays will be missing many of their former teammates who earned the coveted rings but have since gone on to play elsewhere. Their opponents that night, the Cleveland Indians, will be missing the two teammates left in the tragic losing accident. Along with their rings, the Jays may also receive a lesson in perspective.

SOON, as an exclamation surrounds the young Expos, even if they are quiet about it. Felipe Alou, the team's manager and close house planthesper (and Moises' father), maintains that no team ever won anything with their mouths. Alou Sr. admits that the team lost some valuable players when each veteran as Walker, Spike Owen and Ivan Calderon left via off-season trades or free agency. But he likes what he sees out on the

JAMES DEDON is West Palm Beach



Walker on the run: an air of excitement surrounds the young and talented Expos

often-used strategy of spending heavily on players and then complaining about the cost. Instead of big-money contracts, the Expos have refused to sign anyone beyond the end of this season, and those players, paid well in about \$14 million, will then be available to the Blue Jays. The team's cost-consciousness seems partly born from a inability to sell the Expos on English-language TV in Canada, while the Jays will feature at least 155 televised games across Canada in 1993. Martinez will appear in only 25 English games. They will be shown 85 times on French-TV. Expos vice-president Bill Stenhouse said that, despite the difficult Montreal market, he is committed to finding a competitive team and remaining costously viable. That means paying player

ers without major confrontations, but talks with centre-fielder Margarit Graveman and left-fielder Moises Alou prove otherwise. Both now protest to have put their bitterness behind them. "Unfortunately, they didn't over-react the way I thought I should be treated," Alou said, "but I know that summer or later, they won't have any choice."

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But he likes what he sees out on the

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Remembrances of past shapes

The 1960s look returns

In a world of high fashion, the models wearing the newest creation receive instant recognition; their look is copied by women around the world and they are celebrated as queens of glamor and sophistication. But as model after model appeared in Paris fashion shows earlier this month, it was clear that this year's ideal of beauty took many observers by surprise. Instead of the cushioned, overexposed and spectacularly beautiful women who dominated fashion over the past decade, this year's hottest models are small-breasted, thin-cheeked and youthful-looking. Shalene Harlow, a 24-year-old from Ontario, Ont., is a current favorite with such breath-taking designers as Karl Lagerfeld and Valentino. Although she is tall, Valentino chose her to appear in his recent Paris show wearing a pink tulle blouson that seemed too large for her boyish figure. Afterwards, wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt, Harlow said that the new look is a positive, approachable view of fashion. "Perfection is boring—now we find that's not a Badie idea," said Harlow. "This look is much more down to earth."

With this well-like, raw-and-less-than-perfect look, the new models reflect one of the strongest trends in fashion—a style that is inspired by the slouchy street clothing of the 1960s and 1970s. Designers as diverse as Miles' Gianfranco Ferré and Pastry's Lagerfeld and Yves St. Laurent have filled their 1993 collections with ruffled shirts, lace-up peasant blouses and wide-legged pants. Others, New York City's Calvin Klein for one, feature large layered clothing, including softly draped wide-legging skirts, romantic dresses, transparent blouses over tight T-shirts and loose sweaters with wide stripes. To complete the nostalgic look, designers are turning to models with boyish figures and faces that are dreamy and childlike, a look popularized during the 1960s by the legendary English model Twiggy. Sad Elmer Glavin, a Toronto-based model scout and agent, "With their matrons shrugging as they day little Twiggy, it can look sloppy on a pig with curves. They need to be very fragile and small-busted to wear these clothes."

For many models, identification with a major designer has catapulted them to star status. Kate Moss, a cherub-faced, 18-year-old British model, recently signed an estimated \$1-million contract to model exclusively for Calvin Klein. A designer whose

oppel gives her the power to move ladies almost weightlessly. Moss has pushed the five-foot, eight-inch Moss from obscurity only a year ago, to the ranks of the supermodels. American Kristen McMenamy, another model who has moved to the front row on the basis of her skeletal figure and unusual looks, has become the muse of Lagerfeld, the peacock-tailed designer for Chanel, Chloé, Pendi and his namesake line, Karl Lagerfeld. Far her part, the Fort Lauderdale McMenamy, 38, has been modelling since 1983, but only became a star last year when a makeup artist plucked her eyebrows almost to oblivion. The result—a quirky, androgynous look that emphasizes her slightly bulging eyes and over-sized mouth—considered her career.

Hard lines are a critical reminder of the essence of the 1960s have also been at least partly responsible for the shift to smaller, less dramatically beefy models. São Paulo designer, a Paris based fashion writer for the monthly fashion magazine *elle Gouter*, "Luxurious fabrics and intricate embroderies have become so costly, so designers have taken their inspiration from the streets, creating an antithesis. And anti-feminist looks indicate an openly beautiful march." While it is expensive, such screen-ripped clothing can also be economical in terms of economic stress, says Nancy

Jean Hwang, style director for Toronto-based *Style magazine*. "It's a relief on the cheap," she adds.

Some in the fashion business acknowledge that the new look could set a dangerous example for women who already worry that they are overweight, creating more social pressure to diet.

But Shalene, for one, cautions that no one should try to emulate her figure-type. "I'm not this person," she said. "I eat well—it's just the way I am. I don't want to be responsible for anyone becoming anorexic." Other fashion experts add that the trend towards smaller, thinner models is merely evidence that the arbiters of taste are showing acceptance of different figure types. Said Glavin, "It's a message that you should be happy with what you are, whether it's voluptuous or slender."

And besides, nothing in fashion stays the same for long. Women who do act like what they see on the runways this year should not panic. Said Olsen, "It's fashion, it's fickle—and it won't last long."

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CRIME

Cheap—and deadly

Heroin usage is up because of a price drop

By the age of 35, Selly Snow was taking desperate measures to help support a past filled with a court and to relieve the pressures of raising three children alone. During the mid-1980s, while the 35-year-old's attention was focused on cocaine, Snow was taking more than her share of heroin, who would pawn her daughter's jewelry or steal从 friends to finance her \$60-a-day habit. In 1981, after she had contracted chronic hepatitis from a dirty needle, Snow finally broke her addiction by entering a treatment program and replacing cocaine with the synthetic substitute methadone. But last year, she had a relapse that nearly took her life. The reason: the quality of heroin had changed dramatically. "The purity of the stuff almost killed me," said the 35-year-old Toronto social worker, who has stayed clear of drugs for about a year. Indeed, the in-



Shooting up: more people are turning from cocaine

creased supply of inexpensive, purer—and deadlier—heroin has caught drug officials' attention across the country.

As cocaine started to take over as the recre-

ational hard drug of choice during the early 1980s, heroin appeared to be a slow candidate for extinction. "It didn't seem as innocent as cocaine or as glorified as cocaine," says Const. Robert Bouchard, of the Montreal Urban Community Police narcotics unit. At the time, heroin was also priced beyond most first-time users at about \$300 per gram—or between \$35 and \$60 for an average fix. And heroin's devotees believed assured (during the mid-1980s) after research established a link between intravenous drug use—the preferred way of taking the drug—and AIDS.

But, according to drug officials, bumper crops of heroin poppies, which are used to produce heroin, have seen prices crashing down 50 per cent to as low as \$200 per gram for high-grade white heroin. At the same time, producers in countries such as Pakistan and Lebanon have increased supplies of brown heroin, which are less refined opiates. The hard-core addicts, the critics say, can be lighthearted and deadly at 30 per cent or 35 per cent," said Sgt. Gary Stiles of the Vancouver city police drug squad. "And now the needle's in the arm, they're dead."

For a growing number of heroin users, the addiction has had tragic consequences. Former Vancouver cancer Research Institute said that about 200 people died from overdoses last year—a dramatic increase from 1988, when 67 users died. But he

said that emergency medical assistance saved several hundred other addicts from death by overdose. Said Stiles: "In some of these, the spike is still stuck in their arm."

Before reaching the user, suppliers usually mix the drug with acting sugar, powdered baby powder or acetone filler. Like alcohol, heroin is too lethal to ingest in its pure form: the drug suppresses the part of the brain that controls breathing, potentially causing death. Until recently, addicts based their dosage on standard assumptions about the purity of the party. But because of a glut of heroin on the market, dealers are selling a much purer form of the drug. "Those people who have been using this as five-percent purity and deadly at 30 per cent or 35 per cent," said Sgt. Gary Stiles of the Vancouver city police drug squad. "And now the needle's in the arm, they're dead."

By cracking down on illegal drug suppliers, who often sell crack cocaine, according to Montreal's Bouchard. "When you double your money and you end up spending four or seven grams of drugs, you can do yourself in the back, but you're not doing much at street level," he added. "Eighty-five per cent of the stuff makes it through." As a result, police in



Heroinating the poppy: Eighty-five per cent makes it through

Montreal are targeting elementary-school children and their parents as an education program shows signs. "The idea behind it is that if you can shut down the demand side a little bit, you're going to take away the incentive to make a profit," explained Bouchard. "But it's frustrating to Techies to think you're going to get rid of the problem completely."

For all the most efficient way to get heroin addicts off their habit has been with withdrawal therapy and methadone. The problem with methadone, however, does not provide a euphoric effect. The drug reduces the craving for heroin and blocks its effect if it is used. But since say that officials have been slow to sup-

port expensive programs, which can cost as much as \$16,000 a year per person, because of the addictive properties of methadone itself. Although about 35,000 of the country's 30,000 heroin addicts are in Ontario—most of the rest live in Vancouver and Montreal—only about 250 receive methadone treatment.

Still, demand for the one universal treatment has increased dramatically in recent years. At the Toronto-based Addiction Research Foundation alone, the waiting list for methadone has more than tripled to 180, from 50 last year. Responding to the demand, the Ontario government last year announced plans for a new clinic that will treat another 300 people. "At the moment," said Bruce Stansell, spokesman for the province's health ministry, "there is no room to go beyond this, even if we want to."

But thousands of addicts still reject any substance for the real thing. "I want something to feel good, not just something that keeps me from being sick," said Joie. "I can get good stuff now. Really good." He sighed. "I've just got to be more careful."

SHANE BRADY

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Transformed by love

Three movies revel in romance and obsession

BORN YESTERDAY
Directed by Len Shadwell

Sometimes a movie is so appalling that it evokes pity for its actors and nothing for its creature—emotions that do little to serve the cause of comedy. The stars of *Born Yesterday* (Melanie Griffith, Dan Johnson and John Goodman) all seem better days. Goodman has never lived up to the promise of his Oscar-nominated role as a secretary who corrupts the boardroom in *Wall Street*. Johnson, her real-life husband, has failed to purify his charm into something more than the desire of *Milie*. For the 1980s—years that made him famous—Goodman's attempts to rescue the sitcom's baton of *Roseanne* have been largely frustrating. In *Born Yesterday*, it's hard to say which of the three actors is most cruelly cast—Griffith as an obviously dumb blonde, Johnson as a wistful intellectual in horn-rims or Goodman as a crusty, pernickety tycoon.

The film, based on the play by Garson Kanin, is a remake of the 1933 movie starring Judy Garland. Eddie (Griffith), a former Las Vegas show girl, serves as playmate to Harry (Goodman), a Chicago sensationalist millionaire who goes to Washington to buy some congressional favors. When her un-headed ways prove to be a social liability, Harry hires an investigative journalist named Paul (Johnson) to "water her up" so his job will sell. Predictably, the stage girl blossoms into an independent thinker and falls for her man.

But most of the comedy is crudely based on the sexual attraction of two because Eddie is a walking bland joke. Asked her opinion about the collapse of the Eastern Bloc, she says, "How many people were hurt?"—a less painfully reminiscent of Griffith's own surprised response when she learned the death toll of the Holocaust during interviews about her role as an Allied spy in last year's *Stealing Home*. ("I didn't know that a lot of people")

As Griffith appears one last time to keep thinking of her record-breaking salary. Far from Johnson, sporting a George Burns

tan, looks more like an Anger sit-burn than a Washington journalist. And Goodman's performance is a self-misappropriated self-parody.

All the actors, however, are victims of a shameless script, which fails to provide even the slender thread of credibility required for a farce. The fact that Paul, a journalist of supposedly impeccable ethics, is profiting Harry while on his payroll is presented without a hint of irony. And Leon MacEachan's clunky di-



Johnson (left), Goodman, Griffith: a show girl blossoms into an independent thinker

rection, an apparent attempt to mimic a flyby old-fashioned farce, comes across as simply retrograde—a bald celebration of the obvious. *Born Yesterday* is rated PG; it's a less painfully reminiscent of Griffith's own surprised response when she learned the death toll of the Holocaust during interviews about her role as an Allied spy in last year's *Stealing Home*. ("I didn't know that a lot of people")

MARRIED TO IT
Directed by Arthur Hiller

The courtship scenes are right from the opening credits, which appear with a gaudily overproduced orchestral version of The Civil War's "The John Mitchell" ode to Southern secession. *Married To It* is a sentimental comedy set in contemporary New York City. It is a

tale of three marriages. Each couple represents a different class. Leo (Ron Silver), a toy entrepreneur, is on his second marriage, to Clare (Cynthia Shepherd), a rich bitch board room princess who loves her chauffeur, carur and son. Clark (Robert Sean Leonard), a rookie stock analyst, and Nina (Natalie Stotz) Matsuoka, a school psychologist, are fresh-faced puppies who have declared their upward mobility by moving into a Manhattan highrise. Standing for the salt of the earth are John and Iris (John Goodman and Stockard Channing), who struggle to support two sons on modest salaries.

Uniquely, the lives of the three couples intermingle. They never fully planing a *Stiletto* montage pageant at the school that the two boys and Leo's troubled daughter attend, and where Nina is a counselor. The couples become best friends. Then, rocked by sympathetic vibrations, all three marriages suffer crises. Although the story has its awkward setups, once it gets rolling it offers an amusing bittersweet

slice-of-life—one that is living on floor cylinders instead of sex. Even the strong performances are marred by Arthur Hiller's basal direction and by a desire script has exhausted of its own material. The ending is especially cloying. And, ultimately, *Married To It* is as frustrating as a stodgy marriage—one that burns its hand truths for the sake of appetizers.

UTZ

Directed by George Stevens

It is an English-language movie filmed in Prague by a Dutch director with German, British and American actors. But despite that only quaff of nationalities, *Utz* is sensibly crafted, a self-contained marvel of irony, elegance and wit. Adapted from the best-selling 1969 novel by British author Bruce Chatwin, *Utz* is a charming tale of art and obsession set in Soviet-occupied Czechoslovakia. Armin Mueller-Stahl plays David Skinner Joachim von Utz, a fanatic collector of Dresden porcelain who also has a weakness for one-weight down. Over the decades, Utz has accumulated more than 10,000 pieces of porcelain from Japan and under the watchful eye of Czech informers, who plan to seize the collection after his death, he displays his treasures in a cramped Prague apartment that he shares with his devoted maid, Marie (Diane Fletcher).

The story begins in 1969, when Marion Fischer (Peter Bergman), an American gallery owner, learns that her friend Utz is ill. By the time Fischer reaches Prague, the baron is dead and the collection that Fischer has envied for so long has vanished. Reversal to flashback, the relationship between Utz and Fischer is a play of opposites—the master-of-fact capitalist investing all through the cold logic of market value, versus the impressionistic collector who reveres his porcelain as a kind of living flesh.

Despite the heavily symbolic brushstrokes, *Utz* comes across as more subtle than schematic. Dutch director George Stevens, who made the innocuous thriller *The Knackless* (1980) and an old Hollywood remake, leaves the drama with a soft set. He toys with the perverse implications of Utz's obsession without delving on them. The end, though, provides a wood-and-bliss of hope. After a deus-ex-machina retreat, Bergman regains a suddenly understanding feel for Mueller-Stahl's character. Paul Scofield is a delight as the collector's friend, the eccentric Dr. Ulrich (Ulrich). And Fletcher is suitably opaque to the inscrutable road.

Utz is suffused with sadness. It is about the futility of trying to possess art—and the pleasure of being possessed by it. Its cinematic symbolism also offers a feeling of inadvertent, naive for the brittle complexion of Eastern Europe, one veined with fractures and easily shattered. But in the end, *Utz* retains its pretension as skillfully as art defines possession. It stands as a simple work of beauty, like an expressive figure, animated by whatever magic lies in the eye of the beholder.

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Triumph of a colonial

Lord Beaverbrook won great power in Britain

BEAVERBROOK: A LIFE
By Anne Chisholm and Michael Dantin
Random House, \$89.95

Almost from the moment Miss Astor became old enough to talk back to duchesses—she exhibited remarkable self-assurance. Born in 1879 in Maple, Ont., she grew up in Newcastle, N.Y., to a Presbyterian minister and his wife. Astor was an early born student, a long big-busted tomboy who, by her own admission later on, sometimes behaved like "an awfully conceited" tomboy. All those qualities were evident throughout her life, but none had served her better than her determination to be a success. By 18, she was selling subscriptions and writing columns for the local newspaper. By his 20s, he was extremely wealthy, the result of his extraordinary business acumen and considerable personal charm. Less than a decade later, after arriving in New York in a little wooden cabinet, he had the foundations of the newspaper empire that would lead to his power as Lord Beaverbrook and establish him as a dominant figure in a still-expanding British Empire. By his death in 1964, there seemed to be few important world affairs that Beaverbrook had not been intimately involved in—and equally few world leaders he had not known.

In *Anne Chisholm's and Michael Dantin's Beaverbrook: A Life*, these achievements are only part of the fascination. The meticulously researched, eminently readable biography by the two British authors reveals Beaverbrook as a complex figure who regularly promoted unorthodox views. Although a devout capitalist and member of the Conservative Party, he deeply abhorred the Soviet Union, saying that "communism under [Josef] Stalin has won the applause and admiration of all the Western nations." During the Second World War, Beaverbrook played a crucial role in Winston Churchill's war effort as master of aerial propaganda. But less than a year before the war began, Beaverbrook stoutly advocated a policy of appeasement with Nazi Germany and made impressive remarks about certain aspects of Nazism.

Worse, he forced editors of his newspaper chain, led by the highly influential *Daily Express*, to support that line.

In his view Mr. Beaverbrook was equal to contradictory—and capable of arousing sharply different emotions. He was short and squat with an exceptionally large head. His dark, bushy brows and intense eyes of incalculable attractiveness held women, both single and married. He had many af-



Beaverbrook from *New Beaverbrook to International Tycoon*

fairs before the 1937 death of his first wife, Gladys, and until his second marriage, to Mavis, three years before he died. He was capable of great generosity and exceptional hospitality if those not fortunate enough to have been born into the British upper classes. But that quality may explain why they selected such an understanding portrait of a somewhat eccentric Great Britain—and the colonial baronies he permeated in carefully layered and delectable.

Both men and women remarked on the force of Beaverbrook's personality. Churchill described him admiringly as "a devoted tiger," but Churchill's wife, Clementine, dismised Beaverbrook as a "treacherous" Labour Prime Minister Clement Attlee, who succeeded Churchill, said that Beaverbrook was "the only real man I ever met."

In the country of his birth, Beaverbrook

aroused equal passion and disdain. One reason Beaverbrook left Canada, in 1900, was the somewhat suspicious nature of his unappropriated more than \$125 million in 1899 merger of the company's three largest census companies. The case was eventually settled out of court, with Beaverbrook making a cash payment of \$30,000 to the Bank of Montreal. Many years later, when Churchill was preparing his war-time cabinet, King George VI urged him not to include Beaverbrook, reminding him that "The Canadians do not appreciate us."

Still, Beaverbrook retained extensive business interests in Canada, and a deep love for his home province—he was a generous benefactor to the University of New Brunswick. Is one of several patronizing comments about Canada, the author notes that when Beaverbrook died at his English estate, he cheated the British treasury by leaving established Canada as his legal place of residence. By doing so, they conclude, he demonstrated his "affection for the colonial backbone whence he came."

By 1954, most Canadians had long since ceased regarding themselves as colonists. But Beaverbrook had remained devoted to the notion of the British Empire as the cornerstone of our Canadian and the basis for his dream of a free trade agreement that would cement links between Britain and all her former colonies. For a period extending into the 1950s, he used his influence with British Tories and his newspaper as a platform to promote that idea—with the result that it gained strong intellectual currency.

Finally, one of the reasons that the also-fallen was Beaverbrook's apparent endorsement of the successive Liberal party in the 1950 Canadian federal elections against the Conservative ones, led by his friend R. B. Bennett. As angry Bennett, who was the election, later said that Beaverbrook's cherished ideal of Empire Free Trade was "nothing desirable or possible."

The book chronicles a state of alarm it removed from the present. And occasionally, the authors betray a dated condescension towards the remaining accents and quaint lifestyles of those not fortunate enough to have been born into the British upper classes. But that quality may explain why they selected such an understanding portrait of a somewhat eccentric Great Britain—and the colonial baronies he permeated in carefully layered and delectable.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

The Macmillan Best-Seller List now appears in *Opening Night* (page 6).



TV dishes and Beetles make quite a town

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

The main point is that the history of Mexico is much more interesting than the history of Canada. When Hernán Cortés arrived from Spain in 1519, he had exactly 500 men, 18 horses, attack dogs and a crossbow. The first thing he did was to burn his own ships off the beach at Veracruz—or there would be no thought of retreat. The second thing he did was to tell his men that one reason for those who wanted to invade a good way to separate the men from the horses since, in fact, there was no ship.

The second point is that Spain at the time had a population of less than eight million, the population of central Mexico alone was estimated at 25 million and Cortés, with his cronies and guns against arrows and spears, overwhelmed the whole land of the Aztecs and Mayas. It is all of Mexico, there is not a single statue of Cortés.

We see in *Sin Miguel de Allende*, in the marionettes several hours north of Mexico City, an old town where the air tastes like ambient and perhaps enjoys the last year-round blossom on this festored globe.

The third interesting point is that in the nearby state capital of Guanajuato, there are books hanging on the corners of the Alfonso de Cárdenas Museum. That is where the Spanish Regiments, in 1811, hung the crosses and heads of the celebrated leaders of independence who were inspired by the French and American revolutions—Hidalgo, Allende, Morelos and Jiménez.

So intertwined were the Spaniards on the mainland of Mexico with the populations that they assimilated the heads for 16 years until Mexico despite such torture, finally was an independent nation from Spain a decade later. A visitor only hangs his head in shame in *Guanajuato* these many decades later.

Cortés understood that Sin Miguel is the last home of the beetle. This is a town, one of the few places in earth that has not joined the environmentalist ranks but that was the answer to every college stu-



dent's dreams. Helder's creation, the sugar for the sofa fits perfectly to the narrow streets which, thanks to the cobblestones, limit all traffic to 18 mph.

Because of the climate, the air you can taste on your tongue before it descends to your lungs, there are an estimated 1,500 Mexicans living in their villas behind the Montserrat houses. Most of them are descendants of the same cockpit parties, all of them asking how do you spell Chivas Regal.

An aged and voice-powerful Ontario man whom you may or may not spot over breakfast, is demanding an explanation and an apology for the destruction of a local eagle for the fact that it stole a rabbit not accustomed to saddle sheep to 6,000 feet, here in an unaccustomed modification of the brain.

To go along with the time warp of the

Beetles, that lag suitable along tortuous roads there are the huge satellite dishes adorning the hillsides made to images in the steady impotent NASA broadcast panels and the hot news of whether the Space Shuttle will stay well in fact impact in Vancouver, or whether the tiny *U.S. News* has this hour been impeached, headed as it was, One shade of the backs on the corner of the museum and powders.

There are, in the crisp square, beautifully sculpted, twin figures of beetles, all clipped and assembled as beautiful as desert in a plate in a designer restaurant. Across from the square is a castle undergoing either a soaring porch check, by a self-styled Indian architect, who in his frothy pink fabric has a strange resemblance to Gandy's fellow unadvised cathedral in Barcelona. With the TV dishes and the Beetles, it makes quite a town.

This is still—those roads as the measure—a Third World country, three times the population of Canada with one of the earth's most populous cities,蔑视括弧里。Mexico City. There we chance that 25 journalists have "disappeared" in the last two years as the disaster grows over NAFTA—which may still get the shaft from Democratic disasters in the Clinton Congress.

It is a day, white of law, here in Sin Miguelito, who serves breakfast tortillas filled with chopped onions and salt. He points out that this is a pure institution that goes back about 3,000 years before the Aztecs. But Cortés thought he had conquered her in fact as well. In the north, which his mind reaches out and puts lightly on the score, is a town, he explains, why the Mexicans live such good teeth.

The town is a great area for Canadian artist, Tim Odey and Roy Rydon being in a recent exhibit. Leonard Brooks and his photographer wife, Kira, arrived here in 1987 after her down and out in Paris being born. More than 200 of his paintings end up in the National War Museum in Ottawa.

Two beautiful bodies transposed, from the Great White North, dressing the town with the white hair who claims to know about the 20,000-year genius of glacier that makes your teeth go white.

And in Sin Miguel, on Saturday night, there is advertised at the Angela Peralta Theatre an evening called *Scroobly*—a cast of 30 actors, including three small boys singing and four horses.

ounds like Canada to me.

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